THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS, COMMERCE

VOL. XXVIII. ROBERT BONNER, 1 COR. OF WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STS. SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 19

DAME NATURE SLIGHTED.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

She makes the rarest red roses blow,
And lilies white as ermine snow,
And fields of golden grain,
She paints the morning and noonshine,
We scarcely know that flowers are sweet;
We have not time to halt and greet
The dear old dames with admiration.

She hangs her lofty banners aloft
To float in the breeze,
She spreads her carpets from the croft,
From table of blade of every feather.
We turn our heads and haste sunward,
Heedless of lackey leaf and song.
Dame Nature is slighted.

And mountain moulds a lordlier setter.

She sends her sunshine through the air,
A "comforter" for her children fair,
But "parasols" spirited there,
Dame Nature is slighted.

Celestial lines and the shining dome,
Like other flowers shut in their roots,
They lose their beauty and their bloom
And lilies grow in places of roses.

We're merry in woodland and waterfall,
A sky of glory over all,
And sunset and sunrise and sunset,
And let it run out to slight her!
She may resent the slight, and then
Withdraw her charms from worldly men,
Unless we turn a backward.

Then we shall be left in darkness whither.

The love of home and of fame,
The banker's diamond, and the claim,
Of some that have a titanoid name,
Fill heart and soul to overflowing,
Dame Nature is slighted.

In sudden light, or weeps in sunshine,
Or shouts in storms upon the main,
Or sighs in gentle winds soft blowing.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE

Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

MADAME VARLVILLE AND ADRASTE SCIPIAN, THE VOODOO DOCTOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE ILLness OF MADAME VARLVILLE.

Our story opens in the city of New Orleans, on the morning of the 6th of May, of a year of the eighteenth century.

Madame Ruth Varlville, an aged and wealthy widow, is seated in a large fauteuil of rich yellow velvet, in one of the many apartments of its Varlville mansions.

Madame Varlville has been for a recent and somewhat fatal illness, and before her stands the man who has saved her life from the effects of a cunning and deadly poison.

This man is Adraste Scipian, the "Voodoo Doctor."

A Voodoo doctor is one of a class of sullen, mysterious, and powerful men generally believed to be the legitimate African, South American, the West Indian, and the Louisiana Creole Sisters. The ignorant of the whites of our South are by no means devoid of faith in the skill and supernatural power of those "voodoo" or "hoodoo" doctors, who are not always, though generally, of the negro race. Most practitioners, who often have wonderful skill in medicine, are of the negro race, and revenge injury and herbs, are believed by the ignorant of both races to be aided in their work, whether for good or evil, by ghouls, spirits and invisible personages, and often by the grand Evil One.

Therefore Voodoo doctors are much more feared than respected, and very few people seek their aid except those of their race or our savage doctors were especially skilled in the use of the bloody knife.

The face of Madame Varlville, as we introduce her to the reader, is a picture of pain in the expression of pride, dignity and mental strength, though her features may be naturally beautiful as cold as the milk in the frosted crystal goblet which stands on a table near her.

Her complexion is pale as is also very remarkable from its tenacious retention of a facial and personal beauty of which time and sickness left youth.

Age and habit of life have not robbed her of any of that wealth of hair which, when first Madame Ruth Varlville came to the city, was the envy of her female rivals, and now, though as glossy and luxuriant as ever, that hair as a whole is the very notable proof for favorite flower—the gracely Magnolia bloom we see in its wrinkled, but still white husk burst!

Under perfect and exquisitely arched eyebrows retain their original inky blackness, and beneath them roll two large orbs of dark hazel eyes shaded and lined, with an indescribable strength accompanied by a life of threescore and ten years.

Her robe, ample and flowing, is of the most costly and delicate white silk, with a full, small for a woman of her large and stately proportions, and of the purest of white satin, and rest upon an ottoman of snow-white velvet.

The apartment in which we see her is one that adjoins her bed-chamber, and there is not an article in it that is visible, whether of wood or marble, or of cloth of wool, cotton, flax or silk, or metal or jewel, in which is not snow-white, or almost as white as paint, stone or cloth can be made.

The crystal goblet on the white marble table is, he "frosted," and looks as if carved from snow thrown on it thereof; the panes of the windows are "ground," and seem to be thin sheets of snow; the many curtains of costly lace are like cascades of snow-flakes in a state of rest.

It is a winter scene of white ingenuity, so cold and ghastly glare to the tone of the room, but the painting of the floor is a painting of spotless white, that gloomy and shimmers to the eye like a field of snow under a clouded sun.

When Madame Ruth is alone in this room, her large black eyes and inky brown appear more than ever like two fragments of midnight sky.

But she is not now alone. The Voodoo doctor is before her, and its strange contrast with the whiteness around, above and under him; this personage is garbed in black from head to heel, and his skin is of the hue of polished ebony.

Adraste Scipian, the Voodoo doctor, is as black as Madame Ruth is white. There is nothing white or yellow in his exterior, except the whites of his eyes and the pearly glitter of his teeth as he speaks.

He wears his coat buttoned up to his throat; a heavy crevat of silk is wound voluminously around his neck; the cuffs of his sleeves are turned in, and his hands, which are encased in ill-fitting gloves, are folded upon his breast, and the left is partially concealed by the right.

His hair, like the blackest wool, is plaited into a score and more of sharp-pointed cubs, each taut fore inches long, and having fastened on its end a tiny bell of bronze. When he shakes his head, this orchestra of little bells rings a merry peal of tinkling sounds.

His head, of black and colored masses in growth, covers his face even to the tops of his cheek-bones; and his eyebrows, uniting across the nose, almost wholly hide the latter, which are, however, black, keen and piercing.

We have just said that Madame Ruth is alone with the Voodoo doctor from a recent illness, and not as we mention the two to the reader, this is the first time that the latter has been upon the Varlville premises.

His height Madame Ruth can only ascertain, for he is seated in greatly bowed, and he sings are very crooked. He is both humble and humble in aspect, and yet there is no subservience in person, no insignificant in race, no lack of intelligence in his countenance. He is educated, and he has within a few days achieved a feat in medicine which obtained for him private interview with one of the most stately ladies of the city.

Five days ago, that is, on the evening of Madame of our story, at about the hour of ten, Madame Ruth and there is refined breakfast, sudden-ly, into a contagious sweat, and was soon after grossly delirious, and in the most complete physicians of three opinions—Dr. Alban, an Englishman, Dr. Valz, a French-man, and Dr. Mercita, a Spaniard.

Then a fourth physician, a German, was sent for, and he, Doctor Heinstadt, agreed with the three others, and said as they did:

"Madame Varlville is poisoned."

They were present at the deathbed of the four white doctors one other doctor, though one whom none of the four would have deigned to accept in consultation, and he opened his case to the astonished gaze of Madame Adraste Scipian, the Voodoo doctor.

"Madame," said he, that night, that is, the night of the 5th of May of our story, to the hour of ten,

At that hour Madame Ruth, alone in her bedroom with one attendant at her bedside, a mulattress named Nereis, suddenly became conscious that had been lost to her since May 1st, the day of her arrival from one of her plantations. Both had been wholly unconscious of the time which had elapsed.

"What am I to do?" she said, as she now spoke as perfect reason came suddenly to me.

Mercita, a very dark mulattress of mature age, the housekeeper and favorite servant of the old lady, declining instantly down her eyes and ear the return of consciousness to her mistress, and said, in reply:

"Ah, Madame! Do you know me?"

"Yes! Yes, you are my good Mercita."

"Oh, I have been the very nerve to know me again!"

"I have been very ill, then?"

"Near death, Madame. So near death that the doctors said that you were dead, and that the other day. So long time we have had little hope that you would ever see the face of any of us. But here is a doctor who says that Scipi—I mean the doctor—the one who gave us hope—Madame Mercita. Yes, he says were to nip this as soon as consciousness came to you."

Madame Ruth then suspected that the potion which she had taken was one that had been prescribed by Adraste Scipian, by a Voodoo doctor, she would have dashed it aside with such strength as indignant scorn might have given her, and rebuked her attendant. For, instantly Mercita checked her utterance at the same at its first syllable—Scip—and instantly she was silent in the word she.

Madame Ruth drank the potion, supposing that it had been prescribed by her own family physician, Dr. Orin.

Though she had never seen Adraste Scipian, she had heard that there was a Voodoo doctor of that name, and for all quacks, charlatans and Voodoo impostors she had a severe contempt.

And so, till recently, had the mulattress Mercita—a woman with whose life was connected with a strange history, of which we will speak anon.

The drink is to make me sleep, Mercita?" asked Madame Ruth, after taking it.

"Yes Madame—"

"But, indeed, I sleep I must ask a few questions. I was alone when I was taken sick—or was there not a boy in my house?"

"Yes, good new, Madame. I found you lying as if dead on the floor of the room in room that next to Master Louis, now the bedroom of Master Adrian."

"Ah, I remember. I went into my grandson Adrian's room. What is to-day, Mercita?"

"It is Friday night, Madame."

"The day of his month, Mercita?"

"The 5th of May, Madame."

"The fifth of May," repeated Madame Ruth reflectively. "Have I been sick fourteen four days?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Good God! Had I been long on the floor when you found me, Mercita?"

"Some hours, Madame. You went into Master Adrian's room at about nine o'clock, as was your custom."

"Ah, yes! I let no one but my grandson at supper I always go to their room at nine, to have a chat with them before I sleep. I first went into Leon's room—I remember that. Leon was not there, but went into Adrian's room. Neither he nor Leon were there. It was empty. Where were they, Mercita?"

"Yes, Madame," and between time and ten I heard you laughing loudly—"

"Yes, Yes, Madame, me laughing loudly?" cried Madame Ruth, amazed. "I have not laughed aloud since the death of my two daughters—years ago."

"Yes, Madame, I began to hear you laugh in the kitchen, for my servers and I had just begun our supper. I always go to their room at nine, to have a chat with them before I sleep. I first went into Leon's room—I remember that. Leon was not there. He went into Adrian's room. Neither he nor Leon were there. It was empty. Where were they, Mercita?"

"Yes, Madame," and between time and ten I heard you laughing loudly—"

"Yes, Yes, Madame, me laughing loudly?" cried Madame Ruth, amazed. "I have not laughed aloud since the death of my two daughters—years ago."

"Yes, Madame, I began to hear you laugh in the kitchen, for my servers and I had just begun our supper. I always go to their room at nine, to have a chat with them before I sleep. I first went into Leon's room—I remember that. Leon was not there. He went into Adrian's room. Neither he nor Leon were there. It was empty. Where were they, Mercita?"

"She heard my voice, singing and laughing! I must have been very much excited, for I have not sung since my husband died, and that is more than thirty years ago. Laughing aloud! I have not more than sadly smiled since the death of my two daughters—years ago."

"And, Madame, we now know so much of the room with you. I and two of the servers—Madame, this conversation is agitating you too much. Sleep, and when you wake I will tell you more."

"No—I must hear more now," replied Madame Ruth imperiously.

"Scipian, said," thought Mercita, before she spoke, "I suppose I must call him Scipian, since Madame has—Madame, I was going to say that I and the servers—I mean the servers and I—heard your voice in long laughter."

"In loud laughter—"

"Yes, loud laughter, Madame—we were greatly surprised. Then we heard such a song and such a dance as we made by dancing—"

"Good Heaven!"

"Not light dancing, Madame, but such as is called a jig or a double, or a break-down, all over the floor of Master Adrian's room—now in the middle, now at one side, now at another, and such clapping of hands and loud laughter—"

"Not my laughter—"

"Madame, the laughter became so wild that we began to believe that it was not your voice."

"Began to believe that it was not my voice?"

"That our or both of your grandsons were with you. That they were dancing and laughing in mimicry of some one to amuse you, Madame."

"Yes—go on."

"After a time all became still, very still, and we thought that Leon and I heard your voice in a strong talk. I went up, and then into Master Adrian's room, and there I found you lying as if dead or dying on the floor. I called for help, and we brought you to your bed. I discovered that your heart still fluttered as I placed my ear upon your bosom—yes, Madame, I placed it to your heart to see if you were dead—but it fluttered like the wing of a bird. I then ran for help, and two of the servers with me and—"

"And what doctor came? Who has been attending on me?"

"Oh! I thought Mercita, " I shall have to tell the truth. That Adraste Scipian, a negro, a Voodoo doctor, has had her under his treatment."

"Madame," she replied aloud, "as is often the case, some of the doctors were—"

"Of course you sent for Dr. Orin?"

"Yes, Madame, but he was not even in the city. Not at the same time I sent eight or ten to the city, for every physician to have no sent physician to your aid. And before one of them had arrived, Scipian, the doctor of that you were dead. The first one to come was—"

"Well? Well?" demanded Madame Ruth, for Mercita hesitated.

"Certain Scipian," Madame.

"Adraste Scipian? Adraste Scipian? What! Has a negro servant had the audacity to call in a Voodoo doctor?"

"Madame, I thought—I—I—he was I have recently heard some of the doctors call him Scipian—for all Voodoo doctors are impostors! You dared to call in his aid?"

"Madame, I was not to believe while I told you. When all of those whom we had sent for had arrived, and found

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

no reward—not even a penny. If I succeed, I will ask her to grant me a request."

"Ah! He has a request to ask of me!" exclaimed Madame Ruth, much surprised. "He must be a very singular man—His Excellency Spignan, Voodoo doctor!"

Madame, his very presence, nay, even a sight of him at a distance," said Mercita, shivering, "makes my blood run cold, my flesh to creep, my hair to stand on end. I cannot tell you, Madame—I know nothing, and I know not why."

"I might tell you why, Mercita, had you ever told me the history of your life—of which, before I purchased you of the Spanish slave trader, I know nothing," said Madame Ruth, both loudly and reproachfully.

"Ah, Madame," replied Mercita, tossing the head of her antagonist, "you have never asked my history. I have always been your servant, and have no right to demand your confidence."

"True, your secret is your secret, and I have no right to demand your confidence."

"Ah, cruel Madame!"

"Only your service, for I am your mistress—and my own confidence, for we are both women, though of different races. But let that pass. You are right. I told you I had not a secret, and that I should not ask you to reveal yours. Now, let us speak of this Voodoo doctor, for my curiosity is growing very heavy, and yet I am burning to know what he did or to restore me to life and consciousness."

"Madame, the moment he heard the promises of Master Adrian, Spignan took from his pocket a vial—a great glass vial, shaped like a frog—corked, I have since guessed, with one of his medicines, dry or fresh, he keeps in his pocket, and which he uses to cure the bites of frogs, snakes, lizards, great beetles and the like reptile forms—well, he took from one of his brilliant pockets a green vial, and mixed some of its contents in a glass goblet. He forced the nose of my mistress—"

"He did not make any of these bowlings, mutterings and pretended incantations used by Voodoo doctors in general?"

"Not one, Madame. He was as calmly, speedily and surely as if he had been our good old Dr. Otis himself. In five minutes your lungs began to breathe again—"

"Ah!"

"And to move your hands. And then you began to speak—"

"To speak?"

"As one speaks in a delirium, Madame. From the hour I saw you stretched in this Madame, you have not recovered consciously. You have been delirious ever since."

"Up to last night, Mercita, I think, Madame Varleville will become perfectly conscious, and be able to converse with you. To-morrow, if she feels strong enough, she may get up. In a week she will be quite well. I think she will again, unless I am sent for."

"It is very strange," said Madame Ruth. "And only Adraste Spignan has been my medical attendant?"

"No one else, Madame; not even three persons each day. And, Madame, during all your illness you have had a regular meal in your room."

"It is wonderful! Well, I must sleep. Leave for my eyes will close. And to-morrow I wish to see this Voodoo doctor." Said Madame Ruth, who soon after sank into a deep slumber.

She did not wake in the morning soon enough to have her bed to be robed and to meet Adraste Spignan.

But before we narrate what passed at the first interview between Madame Ruth and her mysterious Voodoo doctor, let us say a few words of the strange movements of the latter, just before he became the preserver of the former.

Only a few days prior to the sudden and remarkable preservation of Madame Ruth—that is to say, on the 30th of April and the first of May of our story—Adraste Spignan was living near the Varville mansion as a voluntary exile, a recluse from all society (except which the foul and rapacious bird desires to bestow.

The Varville mansion, was, it appears, a day, would be called an ancient edifice of the Spanish order of things. It was built of stone, and was a large square house, with an inner street, in a great space now bounded by four streets which we need not name. That space is now covered by many modern buildings, as is those built—with the single exception of the large Spanish structure once well known as "The Convent"—as the Varville mansion.

The principal or front door of the house was entered from a large, open courtyard, was surrounded with orange trees, palms, cactuses, myrtles, oleanders, bananas, fig, and many other peculiar to that warm and prolific clime. Before the house was two gigantic cactuses, between whose vast and irregular branches hung mighty festoons of gray moss.

A strong fence, high wooden doors surrounded the house and court, and inclosed a large garden of flowers, lawn and shrubbery, among which the walks of shell and sand were as white as snow.

The day before Madame Ruth was promenaded, and on that day also the day after she had banished the vicinity of the Varville mansion, Adraste Spignan was in a state of mind, in a hungry valence, or fitful pest it like a bat.

Some of the servants of the house saw him on the first day, either at a distance and motionless, or reclining on a bench in the inner grand gray walk. By some he was seen also at the second day.

But none spoke to him, as all knew the disposition of the Voodoo doctor, and that he was fearless and hostile, and that the blacks inherited Adraste Spignan was a wizard who would resent any questioning of his actions, or motives, not intended to procure a patient for his practice.

Little was known of him, except that he lived somewhere in the swamps, and was from Pondicherrain.

Late on the fresh fall sick on the first of May, and was first discovered on the morning of the about the hour of ten on the night of that day.

For an hour and more prior to that time Adraste Spignan was crouching in a dense growth of fig-trees, opposite the main gate, on street gate of the Varville premises.

Completely hidden and the dark green and fragrant foliage of those low-branched and wide-spreading trees, he had a full view of the grand and gloomy gateway at the pall of night fell over the city, he had crouched and waited with the meekness and patience of a prisoner of a spider.

He was in his same secure hiding-place all the night of the 30th of April. He did not leave to remain there all the first night of the 1st of May. At about the hour of ten of the night of the latter day he was seen to leave that spinous, somewhat secluded mansion, most having happened in the Varville premises.

He heard loud cries of distress and command in various parts of the dwelling. He saw the flashes and wanderings of many lights, as those who carried them ran from room to room. He heard the quick and hurried walk was of iron and brass, grind on the floors. He heard the sound of the feet of the hastily opened and shut doors, and one hurrying into the street; and he heard the names of half a score of physicians called out in quick and urging voices, as those who came into the street ran, some one way and some another.

Then it was that Adraste Spignan left his place of concealment, and with a hurried walk to the full bosom of the gloomy and silent night, and he was seen no more in the vicinity of the Varville mansion during the night was made visible.

New Orleans at that time had no gas, but her larger streets were sometimes partially lighted by wretched, oil lanterns of unsteady shape and ghastly dimness, rogue from tar which which hideously resembled the ague fits.

Spignan placed himself so that the muddy rays of the lantern above upon his black figure, and waited.

Each of Mercita's messengers, as he or she returned from a vain search for a physician, saw the Voodoo doctor standing motionless near the gallows-like lamp post.

At last he was asked to go into the house. Of his attendance upon Madame Ruth something has been told. His skill had saved her life, and on the morning of the 6th of May she awarded his coming in that importance of his dwelling which was called "The White Spignan, Voodoo doctor."

It is on to the morning of the 6th that we have to do with the presence of Adraste Spignan, and with those events which are of importance to this story.

For the first time in her life the firm and haughty spirit of Madame Ruth are able to utterly intelligently the face and form of Adraste Spignan, of whose presence and power she had no knowledge while she was ill.

She looked steadily, but with reserved love, but uttered not a word.

Mercita, as she withdrawn, he stands as motionless and as silent as a statue, his eyes cast on the floor, his form bent, his arms folded, his whole bearing, conscious personal insignificance, and a desire to serve, seem combined in the repulsive appearance of the man.

His garb, we have said, is wholly black. It is also old, tattered, patched, dingy, loose, and ill-fitting. It is easy to see that his coat is the cast-off and threadbare cassock of a Catholic priest. His vest is also that of a priest. His skull-cap is also in his hands. The volume of this description of the Voodoo doctor ends his hair, which falls upon his shoulders as wrapped about in black rags. His feet are covered with moccasins made of buckskin. His shoulders are very high, and as he stands before Madame Ruth his head is bent as he casts to the ground. In these lobes he wears large golden rings of the Spanish order.

At first Madame Ruth cannot make out the features of the face of Adraste Spignan, for the huge wrinkles of his ill-fitting coat at the shoulders.

She gazes curiously, and quickly perceives Indians, have a certain skill in rude physic, and so have dogs, which can grass when they are ill."

Madame does not believe she was poisoned," asked Spignan, bowing humbly.

"Madame will be Adraste Spignan prove it?"

"Well, Madame, I will try."

Adrastes Spignan, according to Indian custom, drew from his pocket a vial—a great glass vial, shaped like a frog—corked, I have since guessed, with one of his medicines, dry or fresh, he keeps in his pocket, and which he uses to cure the bites of frogs, snakes, lizards, great beetles and the like reptile forms—well, he took from one of his brilliant pockets a green vial, and mixed some of its contents in a glass goblet. He forced the nose of my mistress—"

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Of his attendance upon Madame Ruth something has been told. His skill had saved her life, and on the morning of the 6th of May she awarded his coming in that importance of his dwelling which was called "The White Spignan, Voodoo doctor."

It is on to the morning of the 6th of May that we have to do with the presence of Adrastes Spignan, and with those events which are of importance to this story.

For the first time in her life the firm and haughty spirit of Madame Ruth are able to utterly intelligently the face and form of Adrastes Spignan, of whose presence and power she had no knowledge while she was ill.

She looked steadily, but with reserved love, but uttered not a word.

Mercita, as she withdrawn, he stands as motionless and as silent as a statue, his eyes cast on the floor, his form bent, his arms folded, his whole bearing, conscious personal insignificance, and a desire to serve, seem combined in the repulsive appearance of the man.

His garb, we have said, is wholly black. It is also old, tattered, patched, dingy, loose, and ill-fitting. It is easy to see that his coat is the cast-off and threadbare cassock of a Catholic priest. His vest is also that of a priest. His skull-cap is also in his hands. The volume of this description of the Voodoo doctor ends his hair, which falls upon his shoulders as wrapped about in black rags. His feet are covered with moccasins made of buckskin. His shoulders are very high, and as he stands before Madame Ruth his head is bent as he casts to the ground. In these lobes he wears large golden rings of the Spanish order.

At first Madame Ruth cannot make out the features of the face of Adrastes Spignan, for the huge wrinkles of his ill-fitting coat at the shoulders.

She gazes curiously, and quickly perceives

"And to this creature—to this hideous Africana," she muses, "to this ugly, deformed—but no being buried alive! Some mistake!"

In one hand he holds his hat—a tall crown-less hat, with an extremely broad brim, and which to black and battered. When this hat is on his head, the brim is drawn down over his face, and his features are concealed.

In his other hand is a cane, on which he leans as if to support his bowed frame. The grasp of his fingers in their black glove hides for the moment the shape of the head of the cane, but the cane itself is serpentine in form. When he turns one way around upon his deformity it looks startlingly like a huge black snake coiled around a stick, with its head in his palm and fingers.

"You are Adrastes Spignan, are you?" at length says Madame Ruth.

He bows again, and raises his eyes. They are large and lustrous, and intensely black. As to me, the only features of his face to be clearly seen when he looks down, are the eyes growing so far down upon his forehead as almost to meet the nose. The eyes are very heavy, pursuits not more than half an inch of the eyeball visible, and they are black, whatever be expression, and varying with each or agitation, is deformed by a huge wen or cancer upon the nose.

"I am Adrastes Spignan, Madame," he replies, in a voice which is singularly sweet and last bow, he stands naze erect than hitherto, for he now gives a quick glance at the face of his cast, and the carriage owing into view, which is singularly graceful. His voice is a voice, which is singularly sweet and rich, and that silliness of tone peculiar to most Africans in whom speaking dialect is not a study, and as her quick eye detects the hideousness in a miniature of deformity, so does her ear detect or sheep, and each is a small semblance of the human. Madame Ruth, however, is not disheaved, as that the points extricate, as if by magic, the most beautiful and symmetrical in nude life.

He moves his cane, and it seems to be crawling, but he quickly recovers it.

"And you had—that is, you assert that you alone had the power to restore me to life, Adrastes Spignan," continues Madame Ruth, after a pause, during which she has recovered more than her previous self-possession, and is not quite so horrible for her to converse with.

Madame Ruth has commanded all the interview to be brought about with as just conception of the singularity and power of the man to converse. She was a slaveholder, as were most of her race, and she was aware that a slave can injure by bad than cold and haughty treatment. Her pride, her position, and her wealth had rendered her accustomed to command as to converse with him, she had had no occasion that her interest had been the object of deadly poison, but she was actuated by sentiments of the most humane kind, and was determined to see and speak with this wonderful Voodoo doctor, who had been, to her own knowledge, the means of saving her life.

When she had determined at his, she had thought that she was.

"Yes, it is so I thought. He is a black character, like all the negroes, and has a cool and more repulsive. Chance has favored him every ill, in the shape of a fit of sickness,

PROVEN.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

"Wild and bitter falls the Night,
Hours the threatening torrent roars.
Hark! A Traveller cries for Light!
Shall we turn him from our doors?
Bolt and bar the portals stark and blind,
Where his wandering feet have been,
Hide the perilous path he must find?
Master, shall we let him in?

"Dangers compass us around,
Treacher'ous lissings on every gaize."
Terror reigns, and gloom profound.
"Where the treasure, there the heart is also;"
"Judge not ye from the strangers' court,
Lest ye be yourselves judged!"
"Love is vanished out of every heart!"
Let him enter!" "Let him come!"

"By the dignity of Man
By the Faith that never dies,
By the Hope where promises lay dormant
Beneath Sin's foulest crimes,
By the Love, in love Eternal,
Speak, Word and helping hand,
Kindle, Light, the flame supernal,
Light to see and understand!

"Lead him into pleasant places,
South and West, or yonder East,
Clothe him with the kindred graces
That fosters the Master's feast!
Where, in majesty before us,
Love and Truth and Justice shine;
And the radiance reckons nothing
Hope spills her covenant sign!

"Where, through fair or foul weather,
Brothers linked to stand or fall,
Will in concord play together,
Waiting for the Master's call!
Where the Angels hover o'er us,
Pitying Hope and Voice of Truth,
Hours Angelic dog Secreting
The Eternal Adolescent!"

MARK HEBER'S LUCK;

OR,

Life on the Plains.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MARSHAL," "RED KNIFE," "THE HIDDEN HOME," "DEVIL'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE RESULT OF THE CHASE.

The crisis was pressing. There was no time for either Mark Heber or Gay to give utterance to joy and relief which filled every fibre in the souls of both. One Indian lay dead upon the level near them, killed by Gay's own hand. The other savage had fled toward the timber, and, as he was at almost right angles with the course of Gay with hatred and revenge. He would not be content unless he could cut upon the wounded assassin, in the woods; he would tell his story; he would lead the Sioux back and his followers return to the hiding-place of the young fugitives.

Not a word was to be said. Action—prompt, decisive action, alone could save them.

There was scarcely time even for deliberation. Mark Heber knew that, and young Heber scarcely had his chances of escape. He could not flee up the river, and escape to himself and Gay upon the level, open, treeless rows of the enemy. He could only plunge deeper into the forest.

"Come!" he said. "To the horses! We must succeed and be off!"

He bounded toward the little grade where their animals were tied, and Gay was close after him as lightly as a fawn. Each unfastened the horses and put Gay' bride between the legs of the former, and Mark sprang to the saddle-strap, and struck out boldly into the tangled growths of the forest.

Gay had not spoken since her first impulsive words to the very moment of her rescue by Mark. She was pale as death, but her heart was full of delight and her thoughts were boundless. Her flowing eyes were full of a fearless light. Her form was erect, graceful and encouraged him, giving him new courage and vigor. In the face of the terrible peril impending there was a realized touch de lux on her.

"Oh, thank God!" she murmured now softly, under her breath. "Thank God, dear Mark—dear—"

She shuddered, unable to finish the sentence.

Mark knew what she would have said. A minute later and he would have been dead, or a captive with death in immediate prospect.

"Yes, thank God!" echoed Mark, glancing nervously and peering through the shadows. "It is just as it has to be, dear Gay. That fellow is the best way there. There may be a chance for us yet."

He urged the horses deeper, and they pushed forward, crashing through bushes and underbrush, and over ears plunging up, as if the animals scented danger.

"Which way are we going, Mark?"

"To the eastward. There is only an open plain to the south and west, and all is alive with Indians. We are a desperate ride before we can find a place of safety, and we must ride for it. Gay, you are a brave girl, or you never could be as plucky as a beaten bright-wit. Mark tightened his hold together as he noticed the fact. There was no help for it, and he knew it. But he was not sure that he was not overtaxing her mettle. There was as yet no sound of pursuit.

"Tis as good as about arising at the camp," said Mark. "We shall be some three or four miles ahead of them, and they cannot follow our fires unless we need lose our courage.

"No, we need not now," returned Gay cheerily.

"You killed that Indian, Gay?"

"Oh, Mark, I did. It's a terrible thing to deprive a human being of life—"

"If it had been a white man instead being were only Blue Jack," said Mark, quite setting his teeth together. "I don't believe he's there is no safety for us, Gay. I heard him planting with his broken, speaking half-breed. He said you must be killed—that he hated you."

"There's no love lost between us!" said Gay coolly. "I'm glad I've got rid of him, and I'm sorry further. I hope you may never have the subject. He knows what I am, and I am in his way somehow. He is not a gentleman. Mark, was I'd repudiate him," and her big brown eyes flashed.

Mark urged on the horses, sending back fragment of encouraging cheer occasionally. A third of your possible peril until Blount Blue Jack speak of not knowing those who had gone up the east bank of the river. How nearly I had come to being yet. I have had the luck of savages been there when I came?

"I don't know, Mark. It seemed an age. It must have been ten minutes, perhaps fifteen or twenty, but it was in the twinkle—" Mark's thin, Mark."

It was only the call of some forest bird, loud and shrill and high, above their heads.

"I was lying in the thicket," continued Gay, in a breathless sort of voice, listening between her words, "wakeful, thinking of you, Mark, and terribly anxious. I thought it was time for you to come back. I was afraid you had fallen into some trouble. I wondered you were gone so long. I was full of sorrow. I

In the midst of them a deer came crashing through the thicket where I lay low, and bounded past me to the river. I sprang up in alarm. And there an Indian in the edge of the deer. He saw me also. He came bounding also toward the thicket. I saw that he was a savage, and I sank down low in the bushes. He meant to kill me. I read his intent in his eyes. And, Mark, it was no time to think. I drew my revolver as he neared me and shot him. He gave a great spring in the air and fell to the ground dead."

"My brave little girl!" repeated Mark passionately. "You did nobly. The Indian would have killed you, Gay, and killed me, too."

"I stood chilling with horror at my own deed," said Gay, in low tones and with a shuddering sound from her mouth, by the words of her horror. "I'll never be taken in life, Mark. I'll send a ball into eternity—to look at a being who was all life at one moment, and who the next lies stark and dead, killed by one's own hand! I said a prayer for him in my own heart. And then I hid no further time for thought or regret, for there came again a crashing in the bushes, and the other Indian was upon me, and I fired."

"And they could Mark.

He saw his dead comrade—he saw me! His yell still rings in my ears. He gave me no. I returned his shot. Both missed. Oh, Mark, I may never be forgiven for it, but I must help me, and I fired a third time. He crashed upon me, and I had not time to draw back before he seized the hand that held my revolver. He wrenched it from me, and struck me with it, and his hatchet fell upon my head. I could not give myself up for dead. Then there came through the air a voice that I knew by the name. I started and tried to scream. The Indian struck me with the revolver and I only crouched low to the ground. Then you came and saved me. Oh, Mark, Mark, what a girl!"

Gay turned half way in her saddle and listened. Mark did not.

A fair-of-sound, muffled and faint by reason of the distance, it terrible, and it was full of the distinctness—but still heard—the yells of the pursuers.

"It is probably the Indians who are following after us like mad this side of our lake hallingplace," said Mark. "We have not travelled several miles, Gay, but if our course had been direct we should not have been a minutes even dimly. Great Heaven! Can we be circling in a circle?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Gay, looking upward through the trees and seeking the sun. "We are going due east, Mark. I should say, but we are not returning to the river."

Mark bent from his saddle and struck a small sapling as he passed. With this he struck the horses, who at once quickened into with increased energy.

A few minutes later, they came out into a beaten path that led to the eastward. It was a Sioux trail, and Mark knew it instantly. Mark hailed the discovery with joy. There were no Indians in sight. The trail was one of even closely lined with trees and bushes. Progress here would be much more rapid than in the dense forest.

The horses seemed to appreciate the change. They galloped on swiftly. Mark and the young fugitives spoke for some time. The trail was found for a distance of three miles. Then it became necessary to allow the horses to walk. Each one was panting for breath and loaded it. He halted in for reason. Mark examined his weapons and found that he had but one load remaining in his revolver. He and the horses began to show signs of exhaustion. Mark grew more anxious.

"We shall have to stop somewhere soon," he said. "We must have rest, Gay, and so must the horses."

"They want water," said Gay compassionately. "They are really suffering. How we have had they breathe! How red their nostrils have been! They are panting now. They feel even lose our pursuers. And if our horses should be disabled, Mark, what would be? Perhaps they are still a good five miles behind us."

The night was in the zenith of the forest. Mark sternly, looking at the sun. "It must have taken a fifty hard-riding Indians a minute to see signal flame to senses. It may be an hour, Gay, before they are upon us. We must wait for the commencing flame before we can cross, or Pawnee. The Pawnee sometimes come up so far as this, if they are in the vicinity of game, or beat on war with the other tribes. The Pawnees, you know, are a tribe of semi settlement at the two rivers, but they never trouble us. We are safe from them. That fellow shall encounter none of these."

Mark urged the horses a thousand no longer ahead the while. Then he halted and said to Heber compassionate the necessity of giving them rest if he intended to continue the service of them. They had travelled all night and all the forenoon, with the exception of about two hours' rest.

"We might have ridden them all day," said Mark, "with but one brief rest, if we had been compelled to do so, Gay. But we are not the beast that kills, as the old saying goes. We must take the risk, Gay, and give them water and a little grass."

They rode on gloomily and anxiously. In the course of half an hour they came upon the brook of clear water which crossed the road. Mark dismounted, and Gay followed him. He drank the water eagerly. When they had given the horses water, and let them feed, Mark lifted Gay from her saddle to the ground upon the shore. Then he took up a dry stick and commenced to rub the limbs of the arms and legs of the father, and their necks also. With dry leaves which he found he began to be rubbed them.

Gay protested, however, did not cessation ten minutes, during which Gay sustained the horses.

They mounted again, and pursued their journey.

Food they had none. Gay found a few berries on Gay's horse, and they divided it between themselves and the animals.

About an hour after leaving the brook, the Indian trail which they had been following came out upon the open plain. The bright sunlight of the afternoon poured upon them, and the great prairie stretched to the eyes of the young fugitives. They halted in the edge of the forest, and looked upon the scene.

Not a human being was to be seen upon the plains. In the distance there were herds of buffaloes, and nearer he saw deer and antelope. Wolves were on Indians in sight.

"We have come to the end of the forest," said Gay. "What are we to do, Mark? There not venture on the plains. Once you'll be discovered. Oh, what a terrible position we are in!"

"Not so terrible as you may think, Gay," said Mark, and Mark pointed to the southward and west, but a mile to the south is nothing. Gay, you see that little strip of timber? It is the only one for the trees, we can see for miles around in every direction, with the exception of one point."

Gay looked in the direction in which he pointed. A mile was to the eastward, and another great forest. Its shadows seemed inviting indeed.

"We must break for it," said Mark. "The pursuers may be near us. They must have divided into several parties, and one party may be coming from the south. We must run the risk. We must get to that timber."

Gay uttered an exclamation of alarm, as she looked back upon the trail by which they had come.

"I thought I saw an Indian in the path," she gasped. "He went back—"

It was my weeks alarmed you," said Mark, after a keen scrutiny. "I see no Indian, Gay. But I think we shall see them soon, if they horses have endurance enough to get here.

We must take the risk of breaking across the strip of prairie for the other wood. To remain in this forest is to await certain capture. The Indians will come in one body or in a train. Some of them going to the north-east, some to the south-east, and some exploring in the direction of the river. Gay, we must be brave. We must succeed. We must not be taken. Come now, and all will be well."

He grasped her bridle-rein closer, and both, leaving the forest, came out upon the open plain.

The horses broke from their canter, setting out at a gallop to cross the plain to the opposite forest.

"My brave little girl!" repeated Mark passionately. "You did nobly. The Indian would have killed you, Gay, and killed me, too."

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The countenance of the Devil Chief fell as the savages approached him. He looked in vain for Mark Heber.

"Where is the boy?" he demanded gruffly.

"We do not know," said one of the Indians, speaking for the rest, and employing the vile language. "He's spy as a squirrel. He's gone."

"Gone?" repeated Blue Jack blankly.

Blue Jack was a favorite of the Great Father, and had another Indian, or else the big Devil pretended to be so. He was a half-breed, and he had received several years of love, every thicket, even the branches of the trees, and knew every foot of the ground.

"It's the fellow's luck!" cried Blue Jack, with a fierce oath, as he cut off every trouble like a greased eel. I'll be the death of him yet. He's a favorite devil, I never hated a person in my life as I hate him. I wish I never know a moment's peace till I've killed him."

"What are to do?" asked Lennox.

"We'll camp here. This is the place I appointed to meet the other parties. We've had a partial success—we've got the girl."

He smiled, as if he found that sufficient satisfaction.

Gay Heber was bound hand and foot, and Blue Jack turned his attention to the savages who had come in. She had not shed a tear nor uttered a word of complaint. She had only listened invectives at her from Blue Jack, and had remained silent. Her brother was not there, so he longed to be. because Lenox hovered at her side, approaching her and making love to her all in a breath. It was plain that Lennox admired Blue Jack's cowardly disposition, and that he was determined to protect her.

Blue Jack's anger was not appeased by the young savages, but she did understand their disgust. Lennox was a handsome man, and Gay was a beautiful girl, and never favored her features. A great by and gratitude filled her heart for the young Indian.

Blue Jack turned upon her sharply.

"You've pretended brother has deserted you," he said gruffly. "There's a gallant young Indian who has come to rescue you self, and left you to perish.

"Perish!" repeated Lennox, frowning. "Lennox Heber is the nephew of great chief Yaks Lennox, and he will not perish. Blue Jack, you are a coward."

There was a sullen anger in the tones of the half-breed as he answered, but the fact was was treading upon dangerous ground. He was in the savages' power.

"The Devil Chief likes Lennox," he said. "He is a brave young Indian. He cannot understand all the meaning of the Devil Chief's words. He is the white man's friend, and the friend of the Devil Chief is good friend to him."

Lennox smiled, but Blue Jack was still suspicion in his keen eyes.

Blue Jack turned upon the young savage his prisoner's feet, and Lennox did the same.

Then a consultation of other nature the same at which the young fugitives had watched from the forest, began. The horses were within range of the stream, and they were led to the water's edge, and allowed to drink. Then they were tied, and the savages began to prepare their evening meal.

Blue Jack and Lennox sat upon the ground in the edge of the open prairie, and

In the course of an hour the party which had been watching the direction in which the fugitives rode up. They also picketed their horses and began preparations for supper.

The afternoon was now nearly spent. A short distance from the camp, Gay Heber, with Lennox by her side, stood a circuit of the forest, appeared in sight, and the whole party of savages began to watch eagerly for the coming.

Gay Heber trembled at the multitude of her enemies. Many of the savages were in full face until Lennox roughly sent them away, and the two stood for several minutes in silence which she had worn since leaving the settlement.

Gay and his small band came up and threw themselves upon the ground.

Lennox spoke, and an air of festivity reigned. Two of the Indians whose breast were painted with vermilion, and who had been out on a hunt. They returned in the course of the afternoon, bringing with them fresh food and deer. The new arrivals sat down and began to eat.

Gay Heber, still bound and helpless, lay upon the ground in the edge of the camp, in the glare of the light, in the shadow of a tree. Lennox sat near her, and Blue Jack, who was still in a savage mood, stood by the frightened Gay into the hands of her enemies.

Gay Heber watched the scene from the shadow of the crime she meditated making his escape, and Lennox with her.

His guilty fears stalked before him invitation. He was conscious that Lennox did not never know peace while Gay Heber lived, and he was also aware that Lennox was the favorite of the Devil Chief. He knew that Gay Heber to know that he would make every effort to destroy him for her captivity, and that Blue Jack, could not be always at her side to protect her. He must act at once, or he was lost.

"The truth is," he muttered, "that if she were actually dead, I could then claim my reward from the Devil Chief. I could go to the Governor, and he'd give me his daughter. I'm sure of it. I'm a favorite, and I've got to Omaha, get my daughter—my beautiful Gay Heber. I'll do it. I'll do it. I'll manage it."

He was in the midst of his sinister meditations, when he saw his friend Lennox rise, serve, stern and insensible as fate, when a sudden thought flashed through his mind.

As the member of the new party rode into the camp, he went out to his horse.

Blue Jack advanced to meet him, with outstretched hand.

"You're prompt, Burk," he exclaimed. "But I am hungry, and I'm glad to see you. You're not sworn or slight in your party yonder. Come, sit down and eat."

"I'm not hungry," responded Burk. "The rest are drinking, and I'm not. I'm on duty. I'm not sworn or slight in your party yonder. We've got two prisoners—you know that. They're both as Cyrenes—riding by long."

"Prisoners, eh?" said Blue Jack. "That's luck, Burk. Better have the prisoners to look after. I don't believe in taking prisoners. Send my soldiers."

Only at Fort Kearney. They're full of Fallon's getting well, and so I'm a volunteer on sinkled. It's all over with the Indians after the attack on the two river settlement, and I would advise you not to be seen on the plains for the present unless you're pretty well disguised."

"I have made the country pretty hot, that's the truth," said Blue Jack laughing. "I've thinking of taking a trip east. If I can only get rid of a little matter now on my mind."

"Is the girl here—Gay Heber?" asked Burk, with a keen look around him and into the shadows of the adjacent forest.

"Yes," she's yonder. She escaped last night from the village with the aid of young Heber, who must have travelled all the way up from the two-river settlement to rescue her. They were pursued, and I suppose they are dead by this time. Gay Heber is a very half-breed. Seen anything of Heber? He must have begged it down in a westerly direction."

"No, we've seen nothing of him, but we've been riding hard all day. We're bound to exterminate on Cagle, if he's left the Indian village. He killed Wolf Dog. And now he's killed Pegger, one of our best men. And he wounded Kobe so that he died on the way, and we picked up the boy before he expired. He's a brave, brave lad, and he himself half starved. He's out yonder, cooking up with the men."

"Poor boy, poor devil. The loss of his wife has allies affected him sorely."

"I'll notice that fellow's luck for him!" he growled.

"I'll let you gold-dust you won't, Cap'n," said Burk. "As Rube said, it's Heber's luck, and he's got it. Rube is a fool. He's been dead long afore this. He's one of them fellows that's born to be hung, and he'll get hung sure up with over after every fall. You can't drown him, for he'll swim out; he can't be killed with a gun, for he'll dodge; he can't begin to think the bullet is made that's to hit him. He's just lucky, and nothing more nor less, Cap'n. I'm afraid of that young captain's luck, and I'm afraid of that young captain's luck, and I'm afraid of that young captain's luck, and

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1873.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

Can Legislators Afford to be Honest?

Everybody wants legislation to be honest. Every one feels that the present system which prevails, of passing laws for pay, and defeating other laws for pay, is dangerous to our public liberty. It is said, on all hands, that in this matter we must have a reform.

Now there is one consideration bearing on this subject which seems to be left out of view in discussing it. We refer to the consideration of the small pay of legislators to their heavy expenditures.

We doubt whether there is one State in the Union where a man can live, and live respectably, on the pay which he receives as a member of the legislature.

It is manifest, therefore, that if a poor man goes to the State Legislature, he must live meanly, or run in debt, or accept bribes.

Of course it is better for men to live ever so meanly—it is better even for them to run in debt—than to be dishonest. But is it reasonable for us to expect quite as much from human nature? Is it right for us to adhere to a system which requires so much?

It is not best to continue the pay of legislators so small that none but those who have other means of support can afford to take part in making our laws. It frequently happens that the most qualified men for office are dependent upon their daily pay for their support.

If we want our Representatives and Senators to be honest, be as dead honestly by them, and pay them a sufficient remuneration to remove them from the sharp temptation of pecuniary want.

Hypocritical Declamations—Mr. Colfax's Defeat.

We are glad that Mr. COLFAX was defeated at Philadelphia: we care nothing politically for his defeat; but we are pleased to see the person that whenever politicians affect to decline a nomination for public office, as he is *he people take them at their word.*

A long time ago, even before the Presidential campaign was opened, Mr. COLFAX gave notice that he should not be a candidate for re-election as Vice-President. The editor of the General Henry Wilson has likewise given his friends a willingness to run for the office. When he began to loom up quite prominently, however, Mr. COLFAX reconsidered his determination, and entered the field once more.

We rejoice that he has been rejected. We had no confidence in his sincerity when he declined; and the event has justified our suspicions.

A man has never any right to complain at being taken at his word; and we think he deserves the cut of bitter disappointment, he may reflect that he has himself to thank for it.

A Mexican's Revenge.

Cortina's vengeance has become proverbial; but the Mexicans are developing a talent in that line which bids fair to excel the ferocity of Cortina into the shade.

A murderer named Miguel, living near Zacatecas, many years ago killed a man named Reallo in a duel. Reallo left a widow and one son about eight years of age—Miguel had a little daughter aged four years. Time passed on: the boy Reallo grew to be a man, and the little daughter of Miguel grew to be a woman. Finally the two fell in love and plans were laid, leaving young Reallo alone in the world. He then set about avenging his father's death, a purpose which it seems he had cherished from childhood. He first poisoned the daughter and wife of Miguel, and then the wife of her father—whom he thought to take unarmed—told him what he had done and why he had done it, and concluded by informing the bereaved husband and father that his turn had also come, and bade him prepare to die. But Miguel, instead of preparing to die, suddenly drew a stiletto, rushed upon Reallo and with a letter could fire upon him, and plunged the steel into his heart. He then dragged the body to earth, and, at his own breast roasted of it by a slow fire. Miguel has been tried for the murder of Reallo, but has escaped as many years before, and died with a smile of mingled triumph and hatred upon his lips.

A Novel and Just Judgment.

A few weeks ago, an English lady was obliged to pay four pounds ($20) as damages for having given a good "character" to a servant whom she knew to be unfaithful. Her written recommendation of the servant enabled the latter to get a place which she could not have obtained without the recommendation, and in which she proved unfaithful and detrimental to the lady who endeavored her; and it was on the proof of these facts that the damages were adjudged by the court.

This judgment seems to us to be as just as it is novel. It is certainly right to certify to the trustworthiness of a person whom he believes to be untrustworthy and knowingly issues a false certificate of character, knowing it to be false, ought to be held responsible for the consequences.

How Did He Care for Them?

[From the Indianapolis Journal.]

He played with the boys sometimes, and I think was fonder of snowballing than any other game. For girls, he had a supreme unwillingness of profession.—*Parkman's Life of Montcalm.*

If he didn't care for girls or girls, will Mr. Parton be good enough to explain upon what ground he cared for them at all. Most young men care for girls only or girls. They wouldn't give a cent for a girl as a boy, or as anything but a girl.

TOO FAST, OR TOO SLOW!

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Too fast, or too slow, which is the worse?

If it is a note coming due, or a dearly loved friend leaving you, or a child sinking sick, or a look of rosea at its height of bloom, or the strawberry season, or a race bird flying out of the tree before you can examine it, or the coming home of Lord Jeremiah with a young lover his guided forth the acknowledgment, or the school bell when boys are out at play, or a shooting star which you run out to look at, or the coming on of old age—all these are too quick—we would say too quick.

But when one considers the miseries of too slow, the balance is even. When you have a fever and ask for water; when you are waiting for a friend with only five minutes before the train starts; or when a rich uncle who has made his will in your favor, is incredibly slow in going to heaven; or when you are waiting for the morning twilight after a weary night; or when a child longs to be a man in England, you and John are waiting for the old folks to get out of the way, that you may forget their dotage, or counting the minutes for the delivery of young people as music!

Had these and like shortcomings of slowness are not to be compared with the slowness of a servant in kindling a fire, in collector begins slow, and, like a clock running down, goes slower and slower every step of the way, unlike the clock, will not stop! Is it wicked for boys and girls to play on checkers? Is it wrong for folks to go to sleep? Is there wrong in the whole of this matter of time? Is there a stroke on patience and grace? Has anybody ever been known to lose his religion in respect?

Did you ever find yourself shut up by severe weather in a house where you were left to tell her infirmities and sicknesses, when she fell sick, how it happened, what were the medicines, how they acted, what the neighbors said, and everything that had occurred since in the neighborhood? The nauseous contrivance drips, drips, drips, as long as it is unstopped, repeated, begun again—never ceases! Is there a man in the State of Connecticut that can sit in the same room with a clock ticking his blood. He stands with eyes half shut, chewing his quid, and, with his right hand swinging his tail, he disturbs the swarm, but they settle again, and like flies, all up and down his legs, and the imperturbable creature is as much at rest as before. Is there could be so forbearing with dullards, or with the slow-witted?

We abhor the maxim, *Make haste slowly.* It is the motto of the drone, and the curse of all of us who are lazy. Does, and who regard your time as valueless.

"Good-evening," said the minister, standing just at a moment of enthusiasm, when you could dash off a dozen pages of matter.

"Good-morning," say I.

"Yes, sir."

"We have had quite a spell of it."

"Yes, sir."

Here a pause, in which he surveys the room, furniture, books, etc. I say nothing; he says nothing. I look at my watch. He says:

"A fine watch you carry, sir."

I say, "Have you any special business that I can attend to?"

"Oh! no, sir; no. I just heard an omen about you that I thought I'd like to see you; and as I was passing, I called in. I'll not detain you long, sir."

"Very well, sir."

"Yes, sir."

Here a pause, in which he looks up and down his legs, and the imperturbable creature is as much at rest as before. Is there could be so forbearing with dullards, or with the slow-witted?

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NO MORE.

BY MARY RYLE DALLAS.

She sat within her little room,
And counted the hours lately numbered—
Hours the web in Fate's bright loom
He did not love her as he should,
The feeling dream of joy was over,
Through which the world looked so moist and good,
No more, no more.

Her heart believed loved no more.

Long years have come and gone since then,
And she has wept by dying beds;
She knows the relief to which it sends
The soul grown green o'er unexhausted beds,
Who knows the bitterness of death,
Who knew the bitterer pain of parting,
What time the mirage must be passed over,
And Love's false waters reached and won.

For still the picture she can trace:
She thinks his between the waves,
The curtain's flossy folds of lace,
The sunlight dancing in the misty stars;
She in her maiden beauty in the room,
With unclosed rose and unbound tress,
Sighing: "No more,
No more his love by his side shall be!"

A BONE of CONTENTION;
—OR—
The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAWYER'S SECRET," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF MIDLAND," "THE OLD LOVE'S SHADOW," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.
THE MANAGER'S REPORT.

In obedience to the command of Lord Waldemar, her manager Grimrod dispersed that very night from Yorkshire, upon his search for the missing heiress.

His lordship remained at Floyd Manor, awaiting news from him with a feverish anxiety, which he endeavored to conceal under an increased testiness and irritability.

Two days later a telegraphic dispatch, dated at Paris, arrived from Grimrod, announcing that he had fairly on his way. And four days later still, his lordship received a dispatch from London, announcing the safe arrival at that city of his manager.

Grimrod, a house of three days on the part of Offland, during which Lord Waldemar was compelled to keep his room, owing for the most part alone in his library, no one daring to intrude upon him.

"I hope the girl is dead," he said to himself repeatedly, as he walked the floor with quick, impatient tread. "But the mere possibility that she lives—an ignorant peasant—married to a sot, perhaps—with peasant children already clinging to her gown, and looking up to her as their mother, is a little unpleasant. What can she, at such a station, this girl who is my only direct descendant, know of the world, the ways, and my rightful claims? I dread to look upon her, and yet I long to see her."

Upon the fourth day after Grimrod's arrival at Tirsete, there came to Lord Waldemar a long dispatch, stating that Grimrod had arrested and called upon the Austrian gentleman who had married Miss Floyd, but that the gentleman had left Basel to obtain my reference. Grimrod would follow him to Vienna, and his client's money, if he had also obtained the formal bookings of Wallace Floyd, but none of its members had ever heard of the young English actor. He had discovered the fellow-lodger of the bride who had written the letter announcing Mrs. Floyd's death and little Hilda's advent—this was the first intimation he received of the name of the heiress and some particulars of her birth—and had obtained the statement movements of the nurse and her small charge.

The next dispatch declared that the manager had tracked, but that Grimrod was by no means hopeless of finding those he sought. All his energies were bent to the task of finding the young heiress, and he expected to succeed in a few days.

Then followed a letter, dated at Venice, Rome and Florence, which Grimrod had visited in turn, and then Basel, announcing absence of several days, during which Lord Waldemar was fretted, and more than once resolved to set out for the Continent to pursue, notwithstanding the fact that his health was not sufficiently restored to admit of the long and fatiguing journey.

At length there came from Innsbruck a brief dispatch in these words:

"Found. We start for home to-day."

This announcement was consequent, vague yet comprehensive, threw Lord Waldemar into a very fever of excitement. His manager's work might be married, or a mere peasant in breeding, but still he was his lordship's heir, and he must accept her as such.

Will she recognize her first of all?" he said to himself. "She can live here at the Manor, and I will go to Tirsete. I need her own sweet voice to reconcile me to her."

The last days of the week dragged slowly to Squire Hall, to Offland, to Tirsete, to Tirsete.

He summoned his butler and housekeeper to him. They had grown gray in his service. They had been at Floyd Manor from birth to the date of his expulsion from his father's house, and had seen the frank, light-hearted, impulsive boy, as had every one who knew him. The secret of his sorrow and his forbidden hearts was to see their young master, and to welcome him again, and that her Lord Waldemar would be pleased to do so.

The couple, surly and ruddy, with the staid and respectable decorum of old domestics, entered the best of their class, stood before their employer penitently, the agitation of his lordship betraying that he had a commission of unusual importance to confide to them.

"Fess," said Lord Waldemar, "I have somethings to say and to say to you, and I desire you to hear it in silence. I want no comments, no questions, no—" He paused, as if to marshal the daughter of Squire Arbyn, deceased—"

The housekeeper caught her breath abruptly, turning pale. The butler was not the less startled, but his indolent eyes, more than his eyes were upon him, and he dared not give vent to his astonishment.

Does—does your lordship wish the housekeeper to leave the room?" he inquired, in a husky voice, but tremulously.

"No, Mrs. Fess, I wish you to remain and hear the statement which the Baron has to make. I never knew of his death until some three weeks ago. Some days thereafter he died. Mr. Wallace Floyd left a daughter, who is now under the sincerest regret of my Mr. Grimrod will arrive at the Manor with this young lady in a few days. I wish to see her, a unit of reasons relative to her own master, and to her grandfather. You may announce to the servants of the household that a young lady—Her position in the house you will know from the fact that she is my grandaughter and heiress, and that she will be treated by the household in her own right. That is all. You may go."

He dismissed them at the door of his hand. They withdrew, and he resumed his walk, but he began the grand old mansion for the reception of the young heiress.

Lord Waldemar peremptorily forbade any outdoor demonstrations such as he was wont to make, any assembling of the tenantry, and any manifestation of pleasure whatever. The old servitors were therefore restricted to the duties of their stations, and the apartments prepared for her the simplest, pleasantest rooms in the house, and gathered into them the choicest pictures, the most luxurious furniture, and make fires in these rooms daily, that not a vestige of dampness might remain in their walls.

Lord Waldemar divided his time nearly equally between his bedroom and library. In the former he received the letter and announcements that the young heiress had been found, his lordship received a letter from Grimrod, dated at Paris, and stating that he was on his way home with Miss Floyd and her nurse, the Englishwoman with that affianded upon her birth, and who had never since lost sight of her young charge. The deceased daughter was not married, and was, as her dying mother had written, "a true Floyd." She would do honor to her name and race. She did not yet know of her grandfather's title and position, but he hurried himself to be deeply thrilled, and to say to his grandfather's secret from her until after her arrival at Floyd Manor. He proposed remaining at Paris three or four days to replenish the wardrobe of the young heiress, that her first appearance at her future home might not be a discredit to his lordship.

It was nearly a week after the receipt of this letter that a message having arrived from Grimrod, dated at London, and announcing the hour of his intended arrival home, a carriage was sent to the nearest railway station to meet the travelers.

It was a wild, stormy night, with sleet in the air, and a wind that rattled the Manor windows, and blew in fitful gusts through the lofty halls and corridors whenever a door was opened, and swept in wailing blasts among the trees that dotted the lawns—a night so cold and dreary as to be the precursor of winter.

Lord Waldemar, dressed to receive his guest, was in the library, impatient and anxious, all the bitterness of his long enmity to his dead daughter revived within him.

The carriage was lighted with glittering chandeliers upholding forests of wax candles, and was warmed by steaming external fires. The Holland covers had been removed from the pale blue satin furniture, the piano that had been dressed for years stood open, and the harp, which had been tuned by the housekeeper, was close at hand. Even the satin curtains fell in heavy folds over the windows, and depended from the arches of the recessed bay. Everything was dainty, luxurious and grand, as became the stately mansion and Lord Waldemar's great wealth.

The entire facade of the dwelling was illuminated. The dining-room, conservatory and drawing-room seemed actually ablaze with light. The wood glow and radiance streamed far out upon the darkness.

It was almost eight o'clock when the carriage came swiftly up the avenue and rolled into the carriage way. The loud, stormy sound upon from within, and Grimrod came up the broad steps with a valet and quick figure beside him, and closely followed by an elderly, hard-featured woman, whose dress and appearance indicated a higher social position than merely that of a nurse, as they entered together.

The butler and housekeeper stood together in the hall to receive the young heiress, a single glance assured the manager that the Baron had not come down in his absence, and a sudden contraction of his heart caused Grimrod to grow pale, and to repent that he had undertaken his mission.

Mrs. Fess, he said abruptly, addressing the housekeeper, "this kind woman is to show this young lady to her rooms. And as her trunks, which will be here directly, are to be sent up to her immediately on their arrival. She will change her dress before receiving her grandfather."

The young girl did not raise her veil, and Mrs. Fess, the smiles fading from her face, looked at her in surprise, and with a look of silent—confirmed the statement that she had resided up the broad staircase to the rooms prepared for the heiress.

Grimrod looked after the departing figures for a moment, and then went to the library.

"Is Lord Waldemar well, Fess?"

"Very well, sir, considering—" His lordship's in the library, and ordered that you should be ushered into the room on your arrival."

"All right, Fess. I'll announce myself," the manager answered.

He flung off his greatcoat and cap, and surveyed himself in the hall mirror, and then hastened to the door of the library, tapped lightly, and entered the room.

Lord Waldemar, with a countenance pale with excitement and agitation, arose to meet him, holding out his hand.

"You have come, Grimrod," he said, calling ingratiatingly. "Is—is the girl with you?"

He looked past his manager, as if expecting to behold his granddaughter in the door-way.

"She is here, my lord, awaiting my word in the hall," said Grimrod. "She will be down as soon as she has made some change in her toilet."

Lord Waldemar dropped the manager's hand and walked slowly toward the fire.

"Then you have seen her, Grimrod?" he said. "I did well to intrust the mission to you. But are you sure, Grimrod, that you've not been deceived—that she is the right girl?"

"Perfectly sure, my lord," replied Grimrod. "But you can judge for yourself. The young girl is now in the house, and will be down directly. I will do you credit. I predict that she will speedily become a favorite with you."

"How did you find her?" Lord Waldemar asked, with a shudder of Mrs. Wallace Floyd, and he spoke to announce Mrs. Floyd's death to your lordship as many years ago, is still living in Troste. I had made a memorandum of his name, and easily found him. He remembered Wallace Floyd's former landlord by name, which is Mrs. Emmeline Watchley.

The name is a common one, my lord, and I had her by it, and she lived in the neighborhood of Floyd Manor formerly, and had very material information and aid. The Mrs. Watchley had been the nurse-companion of the young heiress' mother.

"Ah!" said Lord Waldemar, with a shudder of pain, and he turned away from his manager, and walked to the window, and looked out upon the darkness, and with a sudden contraction of his heart.

"Mrs. Watchley is dead, my lord," Grimrod continued, "but I found her daughter, who was married to a sot, perhaps—who is now a widow, and who was the nurse of the young heiress' mother, and who had charge of her from the period of Hilda's birth until Mrs. Floyd's death, when she left Floyd Manor. She was the last and her of a rich Yorkshire squire, but she knew nothing of your prospects or connection to a baronet. These prospects were too vague sixteen years ago to be taken into consideration, you will remember, my lord. Mrs. Watchley knew of Mrs. Floyd's hard-footed woman, whose death and address and sometimes Mrs. Floyd waited for the nurse, and I at once set out in search of her daughter."

The butler and housekeeper stood together in the hall to receive the young heiress, a single glance assured the manager that the Baron had not come down in his absence, and a sudden contraction of his heart caused Grimrod to grow pale, and to repent that he had undertaken his mission.

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GRIMROD INTRODUCING HILDA TO LORD WALDEMAR.

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"Then you have seen her, Grimrod?" he said. "I did well to intrust the mission to you. But are you sure, Grimrod, that you've not been deceived—that she is the right girl?"

"Perfectly sure, my lord," replied Grimrod. "But you can judge for yourself. The young girl is now in the house, and will be down directly. I will do you credit. I predict that she will speedily become a favorite with you."

"How did you find her?" Lord Waldemar asked, with a shudder of Mrs. Wallace Floyd, who, I've come to announce Mrs. Floyd's death to your lordship as many years ago, is still living in Troste. I had made a memorandum of his name, and easily found him. He remembered Wallace Floyd's former landlord by name, which is Mrs. Emmeline Watchley.

The name is a common one, my lord, and I had her by it, and she lived in the neighborhood of Floyd Manor formerly, and had very material information and aid. The Mrs. Watchley had been the nurse-companion of the young heiress' mother.

"Ah!" said Lord Waldemar, with a shudder of pain, and he turned away from his manager, and walked to the window, and looked out upon the darkness, and with a sudden contraction of his heart.

"Mrs. Watchley is dead, my lord," Grimrod continued, "but I found her daughter, who was married to a sot, perhaps—who is now a widow, and who was the nurse of the young heiress' mother, and who had charge of her from the period of Hilda's birth until Mrs. Floyd's death, when she left Floyd Manor. She was the last and her of a rich Yorkshire squire, but she knew nothing of your prospects or connection to a baronet. These prospects were too vague sixteen years ago to be taken into consideration, you will remember, my lord. Mrs. Watchley knew of Mrs. Floyd's hard-footed woman, whose death and address and sometimes Mrs. Floyd waited for the nurse, and I at once set out in search of her daughter."

The butler and housekeeper stood together in the hall to receive the young heiress, a single glance assured the manager that the Baron had not come down in his absence, and a sudden contraction of his heart caused Grimrod to grow pale, and to repent that he had undertaken his mission.

Mrs. Fess," he said abruptly, addressing the housekeeper, "this kind woman is to show this young lady to her rooms. And as her trunks, which will be here directly, are to be sent up to her immediately on their arrival. She will change her dress before receiving her grandfather."

"All right, Fess. I'll announce myself," the manager answered.

He flung off his greatcoat and cap, and surveyed himself in the hall mirror, and then hastened to the door of the library, tapped lightly, and entered the room.

Lord Waldemar, with a countenance pale with excitement and agitation, arose to meet him, holding out his hand.

"You have come, Grimrod," he said, calling ingratiatingly. "Is—is the girl with you?"

He looked past his manager, as if expecting to behold his granddaughter in the door-way.

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ised the case in all its bearings, and has satisfied himself that this reward lady is actually my grandaughter. Grimrod is the only being in the whole world whom I entirely trust. My own son deceived and mocked me, but Grimrod has been faithful to me through all. I am inclined I must satisfy myself with my own eyes that this girl is my granddaughter. There must not be a shadow of doubt left upon my mind—not a long-hole for future suspicions to enter. Young lady, be good enough to show me your left arm."

Mabel's face became pale to him, and placed the fair mother in his grasp.

Grimrod laid back the cuff and brought it to the light, and there, on the white skin, was a tattooing of the girl's arm.

He found above the wrist an irregular scar, very faint, such as would have resulted from a knife-wound inflicted in infancy. He found also, above the elbow, a crimson mark like a dagger, the counterpart of a mark such as his son had had when born, and which he remembered perfectly.

The evidence is complete," said the Baron, deeply moved, and he kissed the girl on the forehead. "I acknowledge this young lady as my granddaughter, the Honorable Hilda Flory."

Grimrod drew a sigh as of relief, and dropped the nearly burned out taper into the grate.

"Mrs. Wakeley," said his lordship, after a moment's silence, "I am grateful for your most gentlewomanly, kindest of the ignorant wrong I had exercised. I desire you to remain with my granddaughter as her friend and companion, and I shall be glad if you will do not desire, and trust you shall be with us her throughout the remainder of your life. The money you have disbursed for her shall be returned to you with interest. The care you have given to her can never be repaid. I had looked to find in my granddaughter an ignorant, low-bred peasant, and I find her thanks to you—intelligent, educated, refined—in short, a lady. Mrs. Wakeley, for you I am thankful. Your kindness has doubtless contributed to your happiness. Had you treated her all these years upon the footing of a servant," added the Baron, "let it be understood in the world that Mrs. Wakeley is Miss Flory's friend and companion, and I desire you to charge yourself with the payment of Mrs. Wakeley's of an annual sum of three hundred pounds."

Lord Wakeham—you are too generous," faltered the widow, overwhelmed with gratitude.

"I am not generous," said his lordship coldly, "and I desire you to understand that my bounty to the poor is not to be confounded with my household. You will go to town when I go, and be introduced to my friends. Remember the warning I gave you. So long as you are honest and truthful with me, I will be your friend. At the first sign of treachery or deceit, I'll drive you as I have done before. You are no actress, and I require you to dress and look the part of a lady. Your wardrobe of five hundred pounds will be ample. Mrs. Grimrod will pay you your quarterly, or as you may prefer. It is well to have all these matters and understood each other."

Miss Flory spoke, pressed her forward, and caught one of Lord Waldemar's hands in both her own, and drew the fingers to her lips, and then stated head kissed his scarf cheek, exclaiming: "My dearest friend, I can only thank you for your goodness. I will be faithful and grateful to you. I will be a daughter to you, I will say, and I'll never—never cry!"

Lord Waldemar shook off her clinging arms, and did not answer her, but the gloom of his storm and shaggy brows was somewhat lightened. He exchanged a few words with Mrs. Wakeley, and Grimrod went with them to the door, and saw the hall boy-out, where he exchanged a few whispered words with the footman, who, in his astonishment, let his cap rest upon the ground.

Your lordship is fortunate in having so lovely and so beautiful a relation. Such grace—such pride—such—"

"Grimrod," said the Baron impatiently.

Your words jar on me, Grimrod. What is beauty to me? Nothing. Let me think that girl with her blue eyes and her fair face were a hideous monster."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MABEL LANG.

BY MARIE L. DOCURTY.

"Here comes Mabel now!" said Charly Halsey.

"And who is that with her?" I inquired.

"That," said Charly, "is Flora Allen."

"Oh," I replied, and a few blocks, I suppose, that you have raved about in your letters, for the last two weeks."

"No name," he answered; "is she not beautiful?"

"Well, Charles," said I, "I guess you want my true opinion, I must say, No."

"You lovely!" exclaimed Charles. "Why, where are your eyes, man? Look at her complexion; what lily or rose could be more to be compared to Mabel Lang than chalk is to cheese?"

"You are very choice in your comparisons," said Charles, laughing, "and I am quite sure Mabel has too much sense to wish any one to compare her to chalk or cheese."

"Pretentious, Charles," I replied, "and far more beautiful than Miss Allen. Watch her over I said, "and she comes up the road. Could any one move more gracefully? Look at her dark eyes, her rich color, her small, well-poised chin; more than all, notice her earnest, noble expression—admirable, and yet, so tender. I tell you, Charley, you are a fool to give that pale-colored-doll-baby a single thought, when that matchless woman loves you."

"Well," he said, coloring a little, "that unpleasant woman,' as you term her, was you now; so perhaps you had better go and make your speech to her?"

I had known Mabel many years, and so perhaps you have guessed, loved her. Once I had longed to win her, to make her mine; but Charley's fascinations so far proved mightier than mine, that I, in my pride, had left her to her fate for a month, and made a trip to South America, leaving Mabel in blissful ignorance of the state of my heart, and the cause of my departure.

On my return, having been absent six months, I sought out Charles, and he informed me that he was going to propose to Miss Lang that evening.

"Mrs. Lang had bought a cottage there," he said, "and the bathing and fishing were fine besides. Mabel would be there, and some friend of hers, who would doubtless prove horribly de trop. Do come along, Frank," he added, and take her off our hands. You are a favorite of Mrs. Lang's, and she will be glad to see you, I am sure."

So I had promised on the autumn noon to which I have referred, that I would go down in a month later. I received a kind note from Mrs. Lang inviting me to come. I started at once. And it was only about an hour after my arrival that the above conversation had taken place.

Mabel greeted me with outstretched hands and a glad smile, which soon died out, however, and I noticed a wistful, troubled look in her eyes that I had never seen before. Charly was talking to Flora, and his face and manner showed that he was happy. I felt a vague pain as I stood silently apart with my own in my heart, and I knew that this girl in my grandaughter, There must not be a shadow of doubt left upon my mind—not a long-hole for future suspicions to enter. Young lady, be good enough to show me your left arm."

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So I had promised on the autumn noon to which I have referred, that I would go down in a month later. I received a kind note from Mrs. Lang inviting me to come. I started at once. And it was only about an hour after my arrival that the above conversation had taken place.

PEEPS AT MY NEIGHBORS.

BY FRANCES SEBSHAW BADEN.

"Is Mrs. Hazewood in?" I asked, of the pleasant looking girl who, in answer to my ring, opened the hall door.

"Yes, marm. But—" The girl hesitated. "Can I see her, marm?"

I hesitated then, feeling there was something which would prevent my visit being very agreeable, perhaps.

"Oh, yes, marm," and plase excuse me if I keep you into the sitting-room. And all little Miss Hazewood, who was perched on the top of the back stairs, called out, as she had said—a little dangerous for babies, I should have supposed, across understanding—that Mabel had explained that some of them ventured beyond their depth, excepting herself, and she added laughingly:

"I am quite a swimmer. Besides," she said, "you see we have a little boat anchored off those rocks, so, if any of us are drowning, some one can jump in the boat, and row out to the rescue."

"Marvelous," I answered; "that that ever any happens to see you to time."

"Well," she said, "I shall never be afraid of drowning while you are near, Frank, for I feel sure you will rescue me."

"God grant it," said I as earnestly that she looked up at me with surprise, for I knew that at that moment Charles and Flora joined us.

I will pass over the next few weeks; they were not long enough for me to use. To Mabel and myself, they were painful. Charles still carried on his flirtation with Flora, and I was sure that Mabel suffered, for my self-love would have made me happy, had I not seen that Charly loved her, and that she loved his heart. And when to a lit of impatience I left them to their fate.

Frank, you are an old friend, and it would be foolish in me to deceive you. Mabel loves Charley's conduct pains me deeply, and I am sure that, if you can, you will persuade Clifford, I ought to leave this to his love for me, and to his honor, but I feel that I cannot, even without this fault Mrs. Wakeley is Miss Flory's friend and companion, and I desire you to charge yourself with the payment of Mrs. Wakeley's of an annual sum of three hundred pounds."

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GOING TO SEA.

BY LOUISE S. UPTON.

Here will go to sea, and my ship with the rest!
He has shipped for a year—God knows if it's best!

But out of the harbor, and over the bright bay,
With canvas unfurled, the proud ship sailed away.

Sailed away, as in triumph; while, lonely and sad,
I lingered and watched my brave-hearted lad.

I watched the boy figure that paced the worn deck,
Till, in the far distance, it seemed a mere speck;

I watched the white flutter of kerchiefs that fell
Still far, farther on, as the waves rose and fell;

Nearly form, cheery face, jaunty cap, sailor suit,
Were all strangely blended, then lost to my view.

For long weary months, his ear-mark will be
But the blue of the sky, and the blue of the sea.

The sun and the breeze will caress his fair brow,
But his mother can press no kisses there now.

He will lie down to sleep with no fond "good-night."
From loved ones who 're made his home for the time for his right.

Will his heart yearn for home as the days for its
Will he be at all sorry he went to sea?
Will fancy wreathe still the old home with the
Of affection, that gladdened his childhood's sweet
And if those home thoughts cause to fathom
his care,
Will memory's bells call him sometimes to prayer?

Will his manhood be guiltless, free from censure
Will he live and write so that shall not blush?
No cot cause his mother to bleed for the boy
Who has never yet left her, but always stayed by?
And back to the north breeze, unstained, will he
A hearth like as pure as in yonder's early spring?
God be with you, my boy, in your vessel at
May my prayers your anchor of safety be?
Love shall spread its protecting pinions and fly to
your side
To guide your good ship over the swift-rolling
tide
Though the months glide to years, my faith shall
not falter;
But ceaseless, unfailing, its brave watch shall
keep
Over you in my heart, my own sailor boy.
Your song by the fireside is wailing you still;
The silence that reigns near your own boyhood's
is now
Is waiting your presence to lighten its gloom:
We will protect each unworried by your
And love's every treasure you've
left behind.

I shall sit by my window and wait you, God
Knowing will fill all the household with joy!
The love, and the hearts that encompass you
Who 'r crown the loved child to whom my heart
Then speed the day, darling; I will pray you
"God bless my dear sailor boy, and bring him
safe home."

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA L. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "BYE, GENIE," THE "WHITE ROSE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

HERBERT SPENCER'S SWEETHEART.

When Spencer entered the house, after her interview with Spencer, she went into the kitchen, where she found Zenobia ready to wait on her. The girl regarded her in a cordial, standing way, but she was too much occupied with her own thoughts to remark it. She sat down by the fire, and Zenobia could be seen to wash her mother's day clothes in the tub.

Hester stood the door carefully behind her, and approached the side of the bed on which Mrs. Blake lay. She took down her veil as the nearest hand that rested on the coverlet, and pressed it closely, unmarred in the act of the sheet, as it.

"Mrs. Blake," she said, I. Across yourself a moment from this lethargy, and attend to what I have to say."

Mrs. Blake's eyes half unclosed at this appeal, and she seemed to have a hazy consciousness of the sense of Hester's words. She faintly muttered:

"I am on the edge of the precipice, and my hand placed on the verge. Let it pass you by, and leave me to people over, and all is lost. Don't go—don't leave me. Oh! I cannot bear to give you up."

The words were so low that Hester was forced to bend her head to catch their sense, and she saw that the shadow of death was again into the deep sleep from which her words had aroused her. She placed her hand on a fair pulse over the plain face with both her hands, using her magnetic power to deepen the trance in which her mother was now found bound.

"Still harping on my daughter," she quoted. "It is best so, and Dr. Macon was right to send it beyond the reach to attempt my dissolution."

She paused and kissed her twice, and then moved to the opposite side of the bed and looked down on the girl whose place she had occupied. With a smile she addressed the girl:

"Good-bye, Hester Blake, for that is henceforth your name. As the poor widow's daughter you will be known to society, which is your station, fortune, and what is best worth of all, your love. Be true to me, and I will be true to God if only nobody knows, and to the keeping of those who will have my interests too deeply at heart to permit to interfere with them in any way."

She moved away, casting a swift glance at her mother, but not attempting again to approach her. On opening the door, she found Zenobia lingering near it, though she had not been observed to do so. She put a bill in the woman into his hand, and took from her pocket a bright gold eagle, which she had also received from Spencer, and placed it in the girl's.

When Eunice understood that this was for herself, she looked both pleased and bewildered, but she had no opportunity to say so, as Hester at once charged her to remain with her mother for the night that offered it and carried it to her lips. Its closer was a strange expression of deceit and fear upon her face as she did so.

She made rapid signs toward the shed room, but Hester declined to be understood them, and hastened away, wondering if the doll would be found by the time she reached the street. She was aware that it was necessary to have a sharp eye on her, and she knew of a paper upon which the absent father's dictation:

"Emma Baker is not quite so successful as to my identity; God means to make her so, or to silence her."

The articles of dress she had ordered were lying on the bed, and she threw the shawl around her, put on the hat, veil and gloves, and left the house with the grace of a queen. The carriage in which Spencer had come had drawn up to the gate, and he and Macon were standing near the door awaiting her appearance.

Hester drew near the latter, offered him her hand, and at the same time pressed the note she had written into his. She softly said:

"I have to thank you for your kindness, Dr. Macon, but I can offer you something more substantial. In a few days you will hear from me, and I shall keep up a regular correspondence with Mrs. Blake. I can never forget her goodness to me, nor what her daughter has suffered through her efforts to serve me. I shall grieve to both and to you, that I know how to be grateful."

She extended her hand, and with grave show of respect, replied:

"I have no doubt you will do so, Miss Lan-

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

dry, and I shall always remember my fair patient with interest. I hope that you will not suffer from travelling, while hardly in a state to do so with safety."

I feel quite able to undertake this journey, Doctor, so do banish your fears on my account. Pray let me know how Miss Blake comes on, for I am deeply interested in her recovery."

Macon promised all that she wished, and she gave her hand to Spencer, and opened into the carriage with a glad sense of relief.

A few moments later they were rolling gaily through the woodland, and Macon stood starting after the vehicle with a vague presentiment that in leaving sight of his fiancée, he was relinquishing his hold upon her.

He glanced down at last upon the paper that he held in his hand, but the light was not dim to enable him to read it. He went back to the house, and found a comfortable seat in the front parlor, where, shading the light with his hand, he read the words of the paper written in delicate characters, and threw them into the fireplace.

Knowing how important it might be to be able to communicate with Eunice in the only manner she understood, he had, during the last twenty-four hours, learned from Hester Blake the alphabet, and, left alone in the kitchen, and made Eunice understand that Hester Blake was to remain with her mother in her cottage in the woods, and that the physician was to be permanently installed there, and eight dollars a month was to be given for services to the young lady.

The girl opened her eyes wide at this magnificent prospect, for she had never hitherto received more than a dollar a week for such service, and she was capable of rendering. She nodded her head in token of her comprehension, and it delighted her when she squirted her acceptance of the offer.

"Umph! Hester was too easily amused," he muttered. "The girl suspects nothing, and as for the rest, she is too stupid to make out the comprehend the stupendous fraud that has been practised upon her friends. But I'll see to it that it is not discovered, for it is one from which, the avalanche, I think, will be found to have been a most successful one. It has been conceived with a brilliant fortune, and we shall be able to defy the world to prove that it has been unfairly won."

Macon glanced that the shed room as he passed out, and signed to Eunice that she was to remain with her mother. Zenobia was left to the night, and then, utterly worn out with loss of sleep and fatigue, she stretched herself through which her mother lay, and, with her pretty night hours, he threw himself, dressed as he was, on the bed in the front room, and fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

An elegant carriage rolled away. Hester sunk back with a sigh of relief, and said:

"Now I am free to act as I please in that place, and the gloomy associations of it will not affect me. I think I should have died if I had been forced to remain much longer, for I was not to be grateful to you, Herbert, for compelling me to endure that ordeal."

"I was bound to do so, Estelle, as you owe me a gratitude. It is a pleasure to me to be able to do anything for you, both on your own account and because you are the sister of my wife. I have written to Mr. Lorne, and will immediately cease from which you so earnestly object, and will leave you to your own devices day, and the letter will be sent on by his Paris banker to his present address. He will be on his so far off as St. Petersburg, he can be with you little more than two months. Then he will be sure to set out for this country as soon as he can arrange his affairs to do so.

"For—that will be his first thought—he will shall also write, and insist that he shall not bring you to him, but remain with you himself. That time at least must elapse before I can give him my hand.

"So you said before, but May's elegance and beauty have won you, and you will not be worthy of her lover by whom she is loved, if you found that your father would not consent to your marriage before the expiration of that time. I know he will fly back as soon as he hears of Mr. Lorne's death, and will use his right to claim you at once. The poor fellow was forced reluctantly to leave you alone, and would not surely have the heart to tantalize him by keeping you from him longer than is necessary. Your self-sacrifice has been completed the state of his mind. His mother intended that he should travel, and he had given the thought of leaving you to be made love to by Mr. Lorne. He was ignorant of the world in New York, telling me that he knew were at Newport he would be in danger of losing you, a slighter heart than he had thought possible. He was not aware that you were a girl who could easily decide between two lovers, and that the pledges you gave him, and what he has a right to claim from you when he comes.

"Yes—I know," said Hester faintly, for she began to have a fear that she had gone too far, all that was necessary to enable her to make the best of the position she had taken. "I know that if anything happened through which I could not keep my word, that he would be very angry with me, and I have no desire to lose his control and vent on."

"Poor fool! he was so much distressed, and so absurdly jealous, that I said all that was possible to give him a hope that he would not be insists on a speedy union, I suppose he will have his own way, as he always does, but that is as it appears, of course, and he will be able to see you himself, and he will be able to see you himself, and he will be able to see you himself

STORY OF THE FEVER-STRICKEN SHIP.—THE CAPTAIN'S WIDOW.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Long already there on me,
'Mid the billows of the sea,
Had the Fever-fiend been raging,
And within the day and night
Was he still fierce battle waging.
Dead were most of all the crew,
Yet the yellow fires kept flying—
Oh, what a new horror throbs!
For the Captain's self is dying.
"Dying!" the weak remnant whispered;
Soon a wail to Heaven sped:
"O, thou Father, God of mercy,
He is dead—our *Captain's* dead!
Who is here that now can save us?
No one navigation knows!"
Scarcely had the awful question
Ceased that so despairing rose,
When a woman from the cabin
Leaped on deck and raised her hand—
With sweet, sad face, firmly saying,
"Listen! *I* will take command!
I, once wife and now his widow,
From him some of sea-craft learned."
Oh, what strength on her pale forehead!
Oh, what fire in her eyes burned!
So she took there in mid-ocean
Her lost husband's place, and ne'er,
Of my reaching port in safety,
If she lived, had I a fear.
She lived, by the good God's mercy
Lived! her own heroic form
Cheering up the fever-stricken,
Guiding me through calm and storm.
Here to anchor she has brought me;
Sacred has she made my frame,
And I know my woman captain,
The devoted EMMA GIFFORD,
Wears a world-remembered name.

STORY OF CARL ROSBACH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Master Luben, thou hadst better look to thy daughter."

"Eh?"

"Look to thy daughter, I say."

"Pshaw! They are children."

"In years—yes; but in heart they are old. Watch them for thyself."

And Joseph Luben, thus warned, bowed his head and reflected.

Let us understand the case:

Joseph Luben, now verging upon threescore, was the Organist and Music-master of the Grand Duke, and the leading man in the musical departments of the church and the opera. In the years agone a man named Martin Rosbach had been janitor and porter of the great cathedral, and had had care of the organ, and, under the music-master's direction, had made repairs upon the colossal instrument when repairs were necessary. This Martin Rosbach had been a genius in his way, and a dear lover of music. He had married a woman for his wife whose only qualifications were a sweet disposition, and a sweet voice—a woman who had been otherwise unfortunate, and who had been banished from opera and church choir for the brand that was upon her. But Martin had loved her, and had lived most happily with her; and a son had been born to them—born while they were both finding their chief comfort of life in love and music. The child had been named Carl, and he had grown up to be a fair-haired, sweet-faced boy, with a pair of large blue eyes that gleamed like sapphires in the changing light. And Carl had been suffered to attend his father about the great organ, and had waited upon the musicians in various ways. In fact, at the age of ten years the boy had become so handy that he could not well be spared, and he was regarded as one of the fixtures of the organ loft.

When Carl was twelve years old his father died, and from that time the boy had almost done a man's work.

Joseph Luben had married late in life, and his only child living was a daughter named Olivia, only a few months younger than Carl. The two children had been thrown together much in the music gallery, and not a thought of danger had entered the Master's mind until a friend had warned him, as we have seen.

Joseph Luben watched, as he had been directed, and ere long he was startled by the self-evident state of affairs. Carl Rosbach was only thirteen years of age, and Olivia not quite so old, and yet the flood of a great love was round about them,—it poured out from their eyes, and murmured in their speech, and it was deep and solemn. The Master was troubled. He would rather see his daughter stricken down with mortal disease than see her given up to the son of the poor janitor and the branded woman. And his resolve was quickly made. He called Carl to him one day, and having placed a small sum of money in his hands, he dismissed him from the theatre and from the cathedral, and told him he should require his services no more.

"I may speak with Olivia before I go?" said the boy, when he could command speech.

The Master did not stop to consider, but spoke out bluntly the thoughts that moved him:

"No," he thundered—not loudly, but darkly and rumblingly,—"I send thee away to separate thee from my child! I would have thee together no more.—There,—now go. Thou wilt find work enough if thou art modest and honest. Learn a trade. Do anything."

Carl Rosbach descended the stone steps from the cathedral loft like one stupefied; but the morning-star was rising when he knew it not. In the vestibule he met Olivia Luben, and when she asked him why he was cast down, he told her the story.

Old before their time—their souls matured in the spirit of music—and their hearts throbbing to the measure of divine melody,—they had loved with a love as strong as older lovers might have known.

"What shall I do?" cried Carl. "O! how dark it will be henceforth. My light of life is stricken out,—my morning-star is drifted from my sight!"

The girl caught him by the arm.

"Carl," she said, "go and be a man. There is music in your soul—O, how much!—more, far more than you know. *I* know it, though, for I have felt it. Go,—and if, in the years, you come back to me with a true heart, my love shall be yours, as it is now!"

"Olivia!"

"I promise it, Carl!"

* * * * * * * *

Drucilla Rosbach was shocked, but not greatly surprised, when she heard that her boy had been turned out from the conservatory. She was a woman well used to depending upon her own resources, and in the present instance she gave but little time to repining.

"My boy," she said, with her hand upon his head, "God is good. This is the best thing that could possibly have happened. I should never have had the heart to send you away. Thanks to Herr Joseph for having done it. Carl, thou hast musical ability of the very highest order; but it is cramped here in Weimar. When thou wert born thy father and myself found all our joy in music, and the spirit was made a part of thee at that time. In Vienna lives my brother, Sebastian Ulsdorf, attached to the Emperor's orchestra. I will send thee to him if thou wilt go. He will receive thee kindly, I know; and for my sake he will help thee—will help thee much if thou wilt show him thou canst help thyself."

The boy said he would go to Vienna. It was hard to leave his mother—hard to leave Weimar—but the future was before him, and his manhood was to be gained.

The preparations for the journey were speedily made, and with a change of linen in his light knapsack, and with the old violin, which his father had left, in a bag under his arm, he set forth. His stock of money was very small, but his hope was large; and at the inns where he stopped, his violin seldom failed to yield him more than he required for sustenance. At length he reached Lintz, where he took passage on one of the large river boats for Vienna, and the captain, struck by his bright and winning appearance, gave him a berth under comfortable shelter upon the after part of the upper deck. There were many passengers on board, some of whom, Carl thought, from the deference paid to them, must be men of note. But he asked no questions,—it was not his habit to be inquisitive touching things which did not concern him.

The evening was calm and beautiful, and the full moon, just rising above the forest trees, gave a strange charm to the scene. It was near midnight, and Carl Rosbach sat upon the deck and looked up into the starry vault. Then he arose and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the shimmering depths of the Danube. He thought of his mother; and he thought of the bright-faced girl who had promised to wait for him through all the years that must lead up to his manhood; and then he thought of his dead father, and of the paternal smile he should behold no more on earth. And thus his thoughts came to the old violin. He took it out from its bag, thinking to whisper his love through its inspired voice to his father's spirit. So he felt as he drew the bow over the strings. He had thought of no known melody,—a new language was in his soul, and he was to give it form in music. He thought of his self-denying, loving mother, and sweet and grateful were the notes that awoke the air. He thought of the bright-faced girl of his boyish affection, and the notes grew plaintive and pathetic. Anon, with the inspiration of hope and firm resolve, the music swelled to grander melody,

and even the player himself was enraptured by the marvellous sounds of his own producing.

At length he dropped the violin upon his knees, and bowed his head, and on the next moment he felt a touch upon the shoulder, and a voice asked,—

"Who art thou?"

Carl looked up and beheld a number of people standing not far away, but two men were close by his side, whom in the strong moonlight he could see distinctly. The man who had touched him was of middle-age, of benign aspect, and wore a bright golden ornament upon his breast. The other man was younger, with large, bright eyes that gleamed strangely.

"Who art thou?" repeated the man, kindly.

"I am Carl Rosbach, of Weimar."

"Who has been thy teacher in music?"

"I have gathered instruction from all," replied the boy, in a bewildered way. "My father was a musician when he lived; and my mother is a most sweet singer."

"Where didst thou find the composition thou hast just been playing?"

Again the boy seemed bewildered; but finally he touched his finger upon his heart.

"I was thinking," he said, "and my thoughts became burdensome for want of utterance."

"But thou hadst heard those strains before?"

"I had *felt* them. They dwelt in my father's memory—in my mother's love—in the ripple of another's sweet smile—in the deep river, and in the deeper heaven. God's own hand hath written music everywhere!"

Both the men gazed upon the boy with wonder, and at length the one who had spoken before asked him whither he was going, and for what purpose; and upon this Carl, who liked the looks of the man, told his story.

"How now, Wolfgang," said the elder, turning to his companion, "have we not found a prize?"

"Aye, of a verity," answered Wolfgang.

"He shall be thine to instruct."

And then turning to the boy the man added,—

"I know thy uncle, Sebastian Ulsdorf, and can promise thee a kind reception in Vienna. Sleep to-night, and we will confer on the morrow."

And on the morrow Carl Rosbach was called into the cabin, and he there learned that the man who had touched him upon the shoulder on the night before, and to whom he had told his story, was the Emperor, Joseph II., and that the younger man, with the wondrous eyes, was the musical monarch, Wolfgang Mozart!

Down upon his knees sank the boy, with his head low bowed, and when he had been lifted to his feet his eyes were swimming, and bright tears were trickling down his fair cheeks. But not long was he suffered to rest beneath the burden of awe. Both Joseph and Mozart so strove that very soon they had won the lad's entire confidence, and when they called for his violin, and lifted him into the sphere of music, he was himself again, and at home.

Once in Vienna the Emperor took Carl Rosbach under his especial charge, and the promise which had been given in the boy did not fail in the man. Aye, more,—of all who were considered worthy to appear by the side of Joseph's "great magician," Mozart, none occupied a higher place than did the fair-haired nephew of old Sebastian Ulsdorf.

The years were passing at Weimar. Joseph Luben was growing old, and he knew that ere long his place at the head of the Grand Orchestra must be given to another. His daughter Olivia, grown to be a woman, and surpassingly beautiful, was yet unmarried. She had had many offers—some of them from men of wealth and station—but she had not listened. Her father had besought her to take from the favored ones a husband in vain.

Did Olivia know what was transpiring at Vienna? The bloom of hope upon her cheek, and the light of promise in her azure eyes, would seem to indicate that she was not entirely ignorant.

Had the Music-master known that his daughter, in her wanderings, often stopped in at the humble abode of Drucilla Rosbach, and that she there learned of the absent son, and that from thence she sent messages to the still beloved one, he might have been wroth; but he did not know.

It was on a pleasant day in early spring that the citizens of Weimar turned out to welcome the Grand Duke Ferdinand back from his winter's visit to Italy and to Vienna. Chief among his train they beheld a young man, with a fair and beautiful face, and of grand presence, whom he seemed delighted to honor; and it was whispered that this was the friend and pupil of Mozart, who had come to be Master of Music in the capital of Saxe-Weimar.

That evening Joseph Luben was invited to visit the Ducal Palace, and to bring with him his daughter. The old man went, and he found the Grand Duke in the midst of the chief men of his court, and with him, upon his right hand, was the youthful stranger of the golden hair and azure eyes.

"Master Joseph," said Ferdinand, with a bright smile, "I introduce to you the Baron von Feldsberg, whom we have induced to come with us to our realm to relieve thee of the burden which thine advancing years must have rendered irksome."

Old Luben took the hand of the young man, and as he looked into the handsome face he gave a great start.

The youth smiled.

"His Grace is pleased to give me the title which the Emperor insisted on bestowing upon me," he said; "but I like my own name better. Call me Carl Rosbach, and nothing more."

At first the old master was as one stupefied; then followed bewilderment; and before he could fully recover his senses the Grand Duke had led up another for introduction to his hero.

Poor Olivia! It was not in her power to contain herself. The whelming flood was too great. She tottered, and fell upon Carl's bosom, and he, with a great rapture, upheld her.

The end is plain to see. Joseph Luben gladly gave the hand of his daughter to the man who was to succeed him in office; and he even accepted to his warm friendship the mother whom he had heretofore looked coldly upon. As for Olivia, she was amply repaid for her years of faithful waiting, being one of the happiest among the happy, and one of the proudest of the proud—not proud within herself, but proud of the husband whom even princes delighted to honor, and at the shrine of whose genius the world of music knelt in adoration.

SCIENCE.

Captain Sherard Osborn of the British Navy lately addressed the Royal Geographical Society in advocacy of a new English expedition to the North Pole. He predicted that the final laurels of Polar discovery would be wrung from his countrymen by German or Swedish navigators, unless a fresh effort was made by England at once. His sentiments were received with much favor by the Society, and Sir Leopold McClintock, the discoverer of the remains of Sir John Franklin's party, agreed with the speaker that the best route to pursue was that through Smith's Sound. Dr. J. D. Hooker dwelt upon the advantages which botanical science might derive from the proposed expedition, in view of the discovery of fossil plants at Disco, in Greenland, which indicate the former prevalence of a temperate climate in latitude 70 degrees North.

Professor Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, is well known for his researches concerning the Great Pyramid of Egypt. He esteems its scientific relations of the highest interest and importance, and maintains that its dimensions "afford the standards and units of weight and measure which have been the greatest favorites with the greatest number of all peoples through all history down to the present day." It is situated at the centre of the land surface of the globe, and its altitude is contained precisely one thousand million times in the mean distance of the earth from the sun. Curiously enough, Professor Smyth thinks that the Egyptians were themselves ignorant of these asserted Great Pyramid standards.

Interesting geographical discoveries have been made in Central Asia by a native corporal of sappers in the British East Indian army, known as a havildar. He was trained as an explorer by the officers of the great trigonometrical survey of India, who taught him how to make scientific measurements whereby to ascertain the latitude, longitude, and height above the level of the sea, of the localities which he visited.

The government of Queensland, moved by the similarity between the geological structure of the South African diamond region and that of many parts of Australia, has offered a reward of one thousand pounds sterling to the first discoverer of an Australian diamond drift or field, and has also designated the district in which the most competent judges believe that such a discovery will be made, if made at all.

Mr. Richard A. Proctor, in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution, on star cloudlets or nebulæ, said that of these there were only five known to the ancients. Up to the time of the Herschels the entire number discovered was about one hundred and fifty; but each of these great astronomers added about twenty-five hundred to the list, and the total number of known nebulæ now amounts to nearly six thousand.

Nearly twenty-three thousand persons fell victims to the small-pox in England last year, and the disease continues unusually prevalent, its character, both in regard to the number and severity of the cases, being probably worse than it has ever been heretofore, since vaccination came into general use.

A novel torpedo has been designed at the Royal laboratory, Woolwich, England. It is shaped like a fish, and is about five feet long, with a tail contrived to work like a screw propeller, by which it can be impelled with great force and accuracy of aim against the side of a ship four hundred yards distant.

A German investigator has ascertained that bituminous coal loses one third in weight and one half in gas-making qualities, by exposure to the weather. Even in the more compact anthracite there is a considerable loss, so that it is clearly economical to keep coal under cover.

The constantly improving facilities of communication between the cholera infected centres of Persia and India and the markets of Russia and the Black Sea, are believed to increase the danger of a great epidemic of cholera in Western Europe.

Guinea fowls, ostriches, pheasants, hares, deer, Angora goats and brown trout have been acclimated and reared in considerable numbers in several districts of Australia, through the efforts of the Acclimatization Society of Victoria.

Nitrite of amyl, the chemical compound now administered as a medicine in cases of heart disease—angina pectoris—and as an antidote for hydrate of chloral, is prepared for medicinal use from commercial fusel oil.

Husavik, a town on the northern coast of Iceland, was visited by an earthquake in April which destroyed twenty houses, but no lives. The shocks continued at intervals for three days.

The Japanese government has engaged Mr. Henry M. Smith, a graduate of the School of Mines of Columbia College, in this city, to open a coal mine and erect a blast furnace in Japan.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WIDOW (Ontario, Canada) says: "Your paper is such a favorite in this country, and its answers to correspondents seem to me so very appropriate and to the point, that I venture to ask your advice on a subject that I am afraid you will think rather foolish for a person of my age and experience. I am almost thirty-one, a widow, and comfortably situated as regards worldly circumstances. An old lover of mine, who began the world with every prospect of a brilliant and happy future, remained but a few years in the profession of his choice, became very dissipated, and, altogether, has not been successful, or done at all well since. Although we have not met for a very long time until within the last year, he was always much attached to me, and blames me for all his 'misfortunes.' He says that my marriage was the primary cause of his leaving his profession and becoming so unsettled afterward. More than a year ago he came here, after a long absence, and to all appearances was very 'steady.' His friends thought him thoroughly reformed; but since then he went back to the 'States,' and came here a fortnight ago, looking, I am told, very miserable and seedy. I directly put this down as the effects of dissipation, but he denies this, and says he lost his money in New York and has had a very rough time. I must believe this, as I have no way of finding out the contrary. He has friends; could do well enough, and I am sure does not drink at present, as he spends a great part of his time at my house. When I first knew him I was too young to be a judge of character, but a clergyman who was a school-mate of his told me that he is naturally of too fickle and unstable a temperament ever to become settled or change for the better. Now I know him to be of a very kind and affectionate disposition, and have thought that he might be the victim of circumstances, as he has not been happy. He has asked me to try and love him, and says he can never go far wrong so long as he has me. I am afraid I could easily do this, if I felt confident that my influence would cause him to become settled and thoroughly eradicate this, I believe his only vice. Now, dear *Ledger*, will you give me your best advice what to do? Shall I put him to some test, or shall I dismiss him altogether? I look very much younger than I am, and could make a good match; besides, I have been told that his being so much here may create scandal and prevent others from coming to visit me. Even if it did, I would find it very hard to send him away altogether, as he is not employed at present, and never seems so happy as when with me. I have heard since, and he acknowledges it, that he spoke of me in a disrespectful manner. He said that although I was still pretty, I was becoming rather *passée*; and he is older than I am. Now do you think that if he loved me he would utter such a sentiment?" We are unwilling to injure the prospects of your old lover; but we are bound to give the best counsel. You had better let the gentleman live elsewhere, until he has given evidence of a thorough reform; and it is a great risk to marry any man who has been weak enough to fail in life and go into dissipation because he missed his aim in one particular matter. Take care that you do not marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

EX-MERCHANT (Xenia, O.) says: "From twelve years of active mercantile pursuit, I have, by practising the most rigid economy, acquired a small competency; and I now respectfully ask your favor as to the best manner for investment. I have thought of purchasing government bonds, but do not know which series would return the largest interest. Should I purchase bonds of any series at the rate of their premium valuation, would I receive any interest above that valuation for the first year? Your large business transactions and general knowledge of monetary affairs, warrant me in making this application, and I hope to be among those who receive favors through your correspondents' column, at an early day. Do you admire this style of penmanship?" To dispose at once of the less important matter, your handwriting has the merit of great plainness and regularity. It would require rather much time for ordinary purposes. It would be wise for you to consult a banking firm, in whose sagacity and integrity you have confidence, as to the kind of bonds and the rates of interest. Houses like Fisk & Hatch do business of this kind, and there is a return for their commission in the greater security you have against errors. Any one acquainted with real estate transactions could invest your money so as to get better interest than government bonds pay; but then you require to have an intelligent and reliable agent, if you do not know the securities yourself.

A WORKING WOMAN (Baltimore) says: "I often read your pithy answers, though I seldom trouble you with questions. Why are not mechanics as well received in so-called good society as preachers, pedagogues, doctors, lawyers, bankers, brokers, merchants, clerks, book-keepers, military officers, politicians and idlers? What is to degrade a man in becoming a mechanic? and why are so many parents unwilling to apprentice their sons? Why do so many girls say they would not marry mechanics? and why do professional men discard female relatives, if they marry them? Why can men, after giving up their trades, be received favorably by those who would not associate with them before? I know a school-ma'am who disowns her brothers because they are mechanics, and for no other reason. Please answer these, to me, important questions, for I am the daughter of one, and the sister of three mechanics, and would not disown one of them for the sake of associating with any human being. I am proud of them. They are God's noblest works—honest men and mechanics." All these questions are to be answered on the general principle of the historian who declared the British Empire contained nearly forty millions of people "mostly fools." There has been extensive emigration from Europe to this country. Keep to your own common-sense views.

A LADIES' MAN (Memphis) says: "Noticing your answers to correspondents in the New York *Ledger*, and deeming them just what they should be, I have concluded to ask your opinion in regard to a point of etiquette. Suppose a gentleman is accompanying a young lady to church on Sunday evening, and on going home after services another should come up and offer her his arm as an assistant escort for part of the way home, what courtesy should the gentleman accompanying the young lady show the other, in case the young lady accepts the proffered arm? Is it right for the young lady to accept the arm offered? and is it correct according to the rules of etiquette, for a young man to join in with a couple in that way? By answering the above questions as early as possible you will oblige very much." A considerate gentleman would not offer to accompany a lady and gentleman unless he had an intimation that it would be agreeable; and only the lady is likely to give it. Of course, he is to be treated as the lady's friend by any gentleman who accompanies her. In most well-ordered communities one gentleman is held to be adequate protection for one lady. This particular lady may be exceptionally weak, or may wish to have two beaux on her string, or two strings to her bow.

ANXIOUS (Pittsburgh, Pa.) says: "I have been a reader of your paper for the past two years, and have not yet had occasion to come to you for advice, but I am in such a position now, that I do not consider myself qualified to judge for myself; so if you will give me some advice on the subject, you will greatly oblige me. I am engaged to a young lady whom I love dearly, and she used to say she returned it; but of late she has been talking of a gentleman, a mutual acquaintance, and saying that she 'loves him dearly,' and that she 'would rather marry him than any other man in the world,' and similar expressions. Now I may be unjustly jealous—which God forbid—but it strikes me that this is not proper language for an engaged lady to use with regard to a single gentleman, or, in fact, any gentleman except her future husband. What shall I do? I await your answer with anxiety." She must lack a right sense of duty and propriety; and we—if so placed—would tell her that such a state of heart is inconsistent with her engagement, and release her from it. Her language invites this course. She is probably fickle, or ambitious; she is certainly a good girl to part with.

CID (Harrisonville, Mo.) says: "I wish to propose the following case: namely, A young gentleman falls in love with a young lady, addresses her, and is accepted. She afterward ascertains that he is in the habit of drinking, though he does not become intoxicated. She insists that he shall quit drinking entirely. He declines, and says she ought to place more confidence in him, inasmuch as he don't get drunk. She, thinking that her request was a reasonable one, and his excuse for not complying insufficient, breaks the engagement. The question is, Did she do right, or not?" First of all, she had a right to require it; since so many are ruined by drink, there is some risk in marrying one who drinks. She has a right to run the least possible risk. Whether she should exercise her right in this case is a question to be determined by the circumstances—such as the surroundings, age, general character, etc., of the gentleman. She was probably on the safe side.

JAMES O. SMITH (Columbus, Ga.) says: "If two young men write a note to two young ladies, asking the pleasure of calling after tea, and their note is accepted, and afterward two other young men write a note to call at the same hour, and their note is accepted, do you think the young ladies would be treating the first two young men with due respect? Do you not think it very wrong in the young ladies, and if you were the first two young men, would you call or not? Give me an early reply, and much oblige." We see nothing disrespectful in this. Cannot two young ladies see more than two young men in an evening? Don't be foolish. Here in the North, young ladies can receive and entertain as many as call, smile on them all, and dismiss all with the happy impression on the mind of each that he had the very sweetest smile for himself.

A CONSTANT READER (Camilla, Ga.) says: "I am just "Sixteen years of age and have decided to become a Merchant and I wish to be prepared for a Merchant in all its branches. Now what I wish to know is this—The names of all the Books that I should be thougherly acquainted *with*, Where is the best "American business College" What for a hand do I write—*Please* answer the above and you will greatly oblige—" We decline to give you a list at present. You had better provide yourself with a dictionary, grammar, and a good elementary work on composition, and after mastering these, write to us again. Your letter is very slovenly, and your "hand" far from clean. We do not pretend to discriminate among several excellent business colleges.

JOHN HENRY (New York) says: "Can you inform me through the columns of your excellent paper how a copy may be obtained of Sumner's great speech, made when the Johnson-Clarendon treaty was before the Senate for ratification, and oblige." Call at the office of any leading daily paper, and at least you can see the file; or write to Washington, where any friend can no doubt procure you a copy from the authorized reports.

JOPPA (Alexandria, Va.) says: "Will you please inform me through the columns of your paper who wrote the lines,

"It is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all,"

and oblige." Tennyson, in his "In Memoriam."

A CONSTANT READER (New York) concisely says: "Please inform me, through the medium of your *Ledger*, after whom was the State of Pennsylvania named, and oblige." William Penn.

NEMO (Canada) says: "It is as common with us to read your paper, in this outlying post of the British empire, as it is to peruse our local county sheet on Saturday evenings. I have been paying court to a young lady for about two years, and married her a few days ago. She is everything that is perfect in my eyes, and you must admit that an opinion from me, even as a husband and lover, must have some weight, when I tell you that I am a youth of some thirty summers, and possessed of no little experience at that. I am a physician and surgeon, in regular and somewhat lucrative practice. Now, both before our marriage and subsequently, my wife has called my attention to reports circulated by interested parties, to the effect that I have on several occasions drank to excess. Now the plain truth is—and I keep back nothing from you—that I have got the worse for liquor on two occasions within the last ten years; once away from home, where nobody that knew me was present; at another time when only my sister was conscious of it. Now it must be confessed that there are occasions in a practitioner's life when one strong potation of spirits, to set him to rights, is apparently strongly called for and desired, when at least the effects of the liquor, not to say the taste, is urgently indicated. The people in general can seldom appreciate a doctor's proclivity for an occasional bumper, but his brethren of the profession will easily understand it. My wife does not wish me to join a Temperance Society, which I have offered to do, nettled at the innumerable slanders regarding me. I have just consulted one person, and he consoled me by saying that when a person is repeatedly spoken of as addicted to this or that particular vice, there is universally some good ground for it. I give you my solemn assurance to the contrary, and in your advice I wish you to act on this asseveration. Query: Should I immediately join a teetotal organization? Or should I endeavor to be nominally a moderate drinker, but practically a total abstainer?" In total abstinence from intoxicating drink there is absolute safety. You are intelligent enough to decide for yourself what you ought to do, taking all the circumstances of your case into the account. Your wife will be your best counsellor.

FLORENCE LEE says: "Do you think I am too young to engage myself to a young man of the same age as myself? We will be eighteen this summer, I being a few months the oldest. We love each other dearly, and I know I can never love any one else as I do him, and he loves me the same. I have been in gentlemen's company a great deal for one no older than I am, and often thought I was in love before, but now I know I never was. We have been in each other's company constantly for one year, and I have loved him more and more all the time. He has been in a good school all his life, so he has a very good education, and now he is learning a good trade; is a member of the church, and has no bad habits at all. He has asked me to bind myself in an engagement till we are old enough to be married. I know we love each other now as well as any one can love. But do you think love as young as ours will always last? I feel that it will, but some say it won't. Having no friend to go to for advice, and not knowing myself what to do, I will do what you think would be best for me. One more question: Do you think it wicked to read your *Ledger* on Sundays?" We think you rather young to become engaged, particularly as you seem to have no parents to advise you; but if you fully believe in one another, it will not matter much whether a formal engagement takes place or not. There is no reason why such love should not last. As to the reading of the *Ledger* on Sunday, we can only say that while everything demoralizing or corrupting is rigidly shut out of the *Ledger*, we never hesitate to tell our readers that the *Sunday* is for religious purposes, except so far as necessity or mercy requires effort. This plan is best for mind, body, and estate. But we judge for ourselves; so we recommend to others.

K. W. A. (Northwest, Mo.) says: "I, a constant reader of your most valuable paper, the *Ledger*, come to you for the first time for advice, and hope you will be kind enough to heed my appeal. The case is simply this: I have been waiting on a young lady for about one year, and we have become very intimate and enjoyed ourselves very well while together. The other day I wrote her a note, and requested her not to show it to any one under any circumstances whatever, as it concerned no one but ourselves; but on the same evening I learned that she had shown it to a friend immediately on receiving it. Now, what would you do were you in my place? Would you discontinue your visits, or would you call on her and demand an explanation? for I have every reason to believe she thinks well of me; but I don't know what to think of her conduct in this matter. By answering immediately, you will greatly oblige." We should not abandon a good girl for what may have been want of thought, or a little harmless pride in getting a letter from you. We should get an explanation from her, and "try to be reasonable." Besides, it is very doubtful if a young man has a right to send letters to a young lady to whom he is not engaged and enjoin secrecy. It may be most proper for her to get the advice of a friend.

J. G. E. (Raleigh, N. C.) says: "When parents give a child a name, have they the privilege of changing the pronunciation of the name? Ought other people to call the child's name as it is generally pronounced, or as the parents pronounce it? For instance, when the name Leila is given to two girls of different families, and the parents of one call their daughter *Lighla*, and the other call theirs *Leela*, both spelling their names Leila, what is the proper pronunciation of the word? Also, please give me the correct pronunciation of the word Evelina." In the case of Leila, each child's parents may pronounce her name to suit their own fancy. The dipthong *ei* is sounded as *i* and also as *e*, in a certain class of words, at the option of the speaker. For example, neither is pronounced *nighther* or *neether*, and one pronunciation is as correct as the other. Evelina is pronounced *Ev-e-li-nah*.

KNOWLEDGE (New Preston, Conn.) says: "I am one of the left-armed veterans, and in the painting business. I desire to be as well informed as possible in that line. I know of no books upon that subject, and desire you, if you know of any reliable ones, to inform me of them, and where to get them. I am an admirer and reader of the *Ledger*, and take it regularly for my wife. I saw something in the correspondents' column, some time ago, about a book on painting, but the paper is missing. By replying, you will greatly oblige one of your most humble friends." There is an English series of shilling hand-books, published by Winsor & Newton, London, and on sale, at fifty cents each, in artists' material stores in New York, which would suit your purpose. Any bookseller can get you the hand-book you want, by your writing down the description.

LACON says: "Lately, while in conversation with a friend, I used the expression 'very wrong.' My friend objected to it, alleging as his reason, that since it would not be correct to say 'very right,' 'very wrong' would also be an error, as wrong is the opposite of right. I thought that, as one thing could be more wrong than another, therefore it would be correct to say 'very wrong.' We agreed to leave it to you, hoping that you will answer us in your Notices to Correspondents." Your friend is slightly wrong. "Very wrong," and "very right," though not peculiarly accurate, are quite common, and very forcible phrases. Very is equivalent to "eminently," or "emphatically," or "excessively," and is used as any other adverb may be employed.

B. O. C. (New Albany, Ind.) says: "As a reader of your paper, I take the liberty of asking two questions, which please answer through your answers to correspondents. First, from what did the Niagara river derive its name? Second, were the Seneca tribe of Indians so called by themselves, or was it a name given to them by the whites?" 1. The common impression is that Niagara is an Indian name. 2. The Seneca lake and district take their name from the Seneca Indians, one of the six nations. Whether they called themselves or were so designated by the whites, it is impossible to say with certainty. The whites often mistook Indian names and called tribes by a word which they often heard pronounced and did not understand.

INDUSTRIOUS (New York) says: "I am a young married man, with but a limited acquaintance here, but with enough means to assist me in living comfortably, and I desire to secure a mercantile position, where my time will be employed, and I will be enabled to learn some business. Please inform me how I can secure it. I am willing to do anything honorable to attain this end." Either advertise, or speak to mercantile persons who will feel an interest in you and inform you of an opening, as it presents itself. You will probably have to make much personal inquiry; but it is better to decide slowly, and on accurate information, than to rush into something of doubtful value.

A UNITED STATES SOLDIER says: "Please answer the following question, through the columns of your paper. Suppose a soldier stationed at one of the western forts, on frontier duty, deserts, what punishment would be inflicted, if he should be caught? Or, suppose he is not caught till after his time of service has expired, how then?" The punishment inflicted would be in the discretion of the authorities, and would vary from imprisonment with hard labor for a term of years to death. It would make no difference if he were not caught for years after his term of service had expired. His offence would never become outlawed.

J. C. (New York) says: "Will you be so kind as to state in your answers to correspondents what means I should take to find an uncle whom I have not heard from in twenty years, and who was at that time on board her Majesty's ship *St. Joseph*, of the British navy? Also, how to address a letter to the British War Office." Your best way to get trace of your uncle would be to write to his relatives for information about him. If that does not enable you to learn his fate, or whereabouts, then advertise in some London newspaper. If you address a letter simply, British War Office, London, England, it will be sure to reach its destination.

"ROB ROY" (Buffalo, N. Y.) says: "Please answer, in your Notices to Correspondents, how long is it since Dr. Livingstone was last in England? Is he a missionary as well as explorer, or is he simply an explorer?" Dr. Livingstone was a missionary, but finding himself unable to devote his energies to regular mission work consistently with his tastes and aims, he resigned his position, and became simply an explorer. He is a medical man and a clergyman, returned from Africa in 1856, superintended the publication of his "Missionary Travels," and returned to Africa, we think, about two or three years after.

POSTMASTER (New Liberty, Ky.) says: "There is some controversy in my little village in regard to the name of the Mr. Owen who held the debate with Alexander Campbell, in the year 1828, in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. I think it was in that year that the debate was held. Some contend that it was Robert Dale Owen, while others contend that father and son were each named Robert Dale Owen. Please let us know in your next *Ledger*." It was Robert Owen who held the debate to which you refer.

WILLIAM R.—We learn, since our former answer, that the American Literary Bureau are the agents of James Anthony Froude and Edmund Yates, in this country.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*